



Good Paint is a Good Investment

Whether ready-to-use or hand-made lead-in-oil, if paint is cheap, it cannot hide well, wear long or spread easily and will leave the surface in such condition that extra work is required to prepare it for re-painting.

Yet this cheap paint costs just as much to apply as a reliable paint—often more. So when you paint, save money by getting the best paint you can buy—

Lowe Brothers High Standard Liquid Paint

is the finest quality of ready-to-use paint. Yet it costs little more per gallon than cheap paint. And it covers so much more surface to the gallon that fewer gallons are required for the job.

It wears so much longer that you'll need to paint much less often—an important matter, since two-thirds of painting cost is in the labor of applying.

It rubs on and rubs in so easily that a painter can do the work in less time. And as painter's time is charged by the hour this means another material saving.

"High Standard" colors stay bright longer, too, and if the painting is done by a painter who knows his business, "High Standard" paint will never crack, scale or chalk—so fine is the grinding and so intimately is the pigment mixed with the oil.

Mellotone—for Interior Decoration

the new flat finish for walls, ceilings, wood, concrete and metalwork—"soft as the rainbow tints"—combines restful water-color beauty with the washable, enduring qualities of oil paint; lasts so much longer than water colors that it is far cheaper to use. There are paint products for every purpose in the Lowe Brothers line. The Little Blue Flag is on the can for your protection and ease of identification. Write for one or all of the following books:

"Common Sense About Interiors"

(Free)

"Good Homes by Good Architects"

(Enclose 25 cents)

"Paint and Painting"
(Free)

Any of these will throw light on your paint and deco-rating problems.

**The Lowe Brothers
Company**

461 East Third St. Dayton, O.
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Kansas City

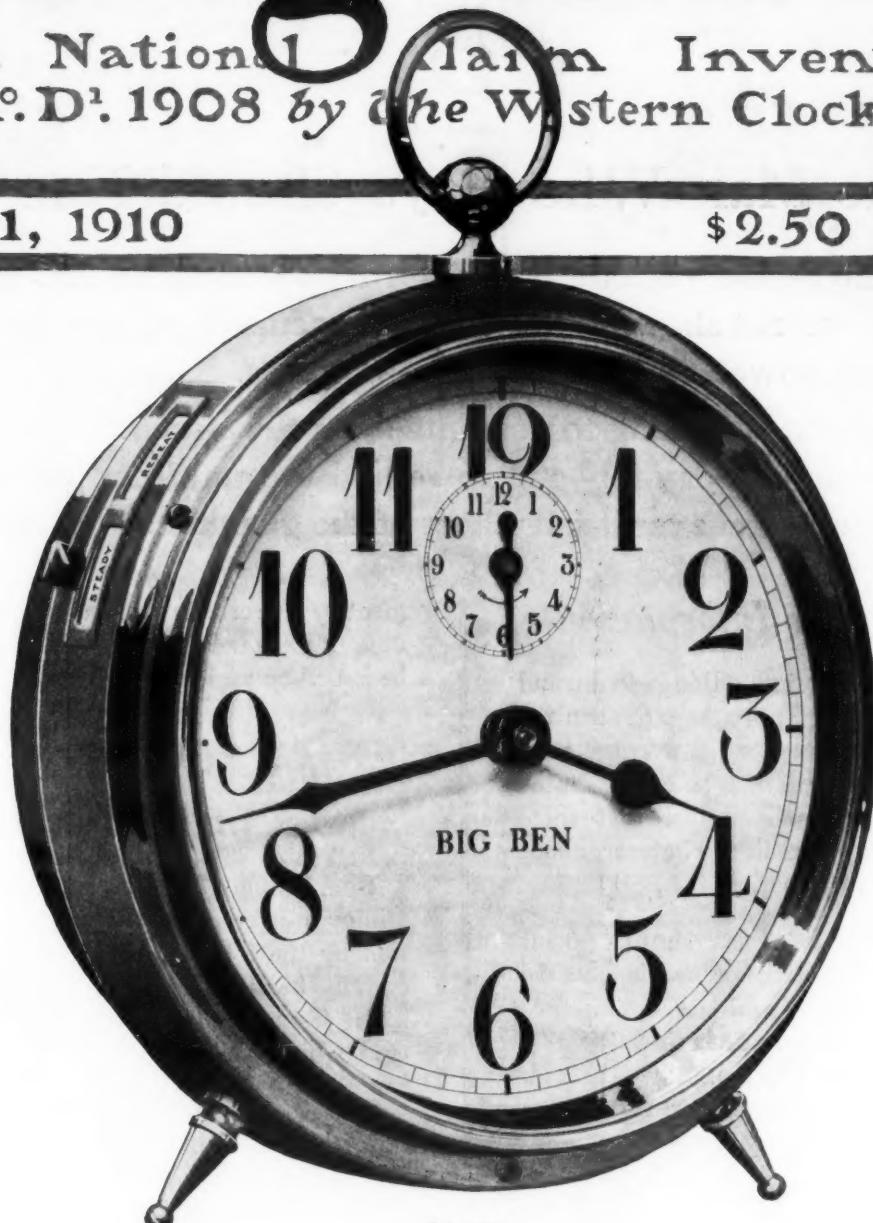


Big Ben

A National Alarm Invented
A. D. 1908 by the Western Clock Co.

OCTOBER 1, 1910

\$2.50 THE COPY



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Big Ben is a thin, beautiful and punctual sleepmeter with a silent, frictionless motor that will not annoy you on your lie-awake nights, and a deep musical voice that will call you on your sleepiest mornings.

Big Ben is mounted in a heavy, triple plated case with large, strong, easy winding keys, refined, distinct hands and a great, frank, open face distinctly visible in the dim morning light.

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\$2.50

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5

The Man Who Pays Should Know

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It ought to be willing to guarantee you the circulation it claims—and which you pay for—and to refund the unearned portion of your money whenever it falls short of the guarantee—if it dared.

Getting the Information

These are very simple things to do, and very simple things to require. When the matter is mentioned to the average non-advertising business man he expresses the utmost surprise and wonder that there should be any question whatever about getting such information.

As a matter of fact the first point mentioned—that of the occupations of the subscribers—which is of vital importance as showing the actual purchasing power, is completely covered by COLLIER'S through the use of a tabulating system and a piece of automatic machinery.

It is a part of COLLIER's circulation methods to verify every subscription taken by any of the three thousand COLLIER representatives. The Verifier is required to ascertain the occupation of that subscriber, entering it on the subscription card.

When the card is received in the general offices it is properly classified, and so at any time a complete circulation state-

ment by subscribers' occupations, covering 92% of COLLIER's total net circulation, can be issued on an hour's notice.

Finding Out the Purchasing Power

By a simple process of multiplying the minimum average income of any occupation by the total in that profession, and adding the results, the minimum purchasing power of COLLIER'S 550,000 subscribers is quickly arrived at.

The second point—that of the circulation guarantee that is backed by a cash forfeit for failure to make good—is simply a matter of commercial honesty. Any publication declining to give such a guarantee, and to submit its circulation books for the audit of public accountants, must have some reason for its refusal.

The man who pays should know.

Get the facts.

Collier's

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U.S. Pat. Off.

Style
Number
23



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Collier's



— Saturday, October 1, 1910 —

Harvest. Cover Design. Drawn by Walter O. and Emily Shaw Reese

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NUMBER 2

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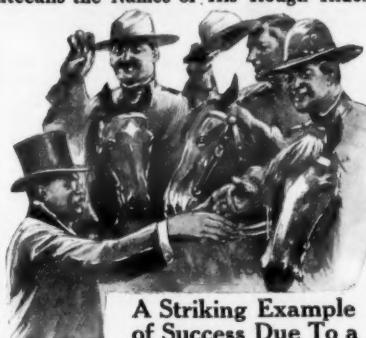
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5

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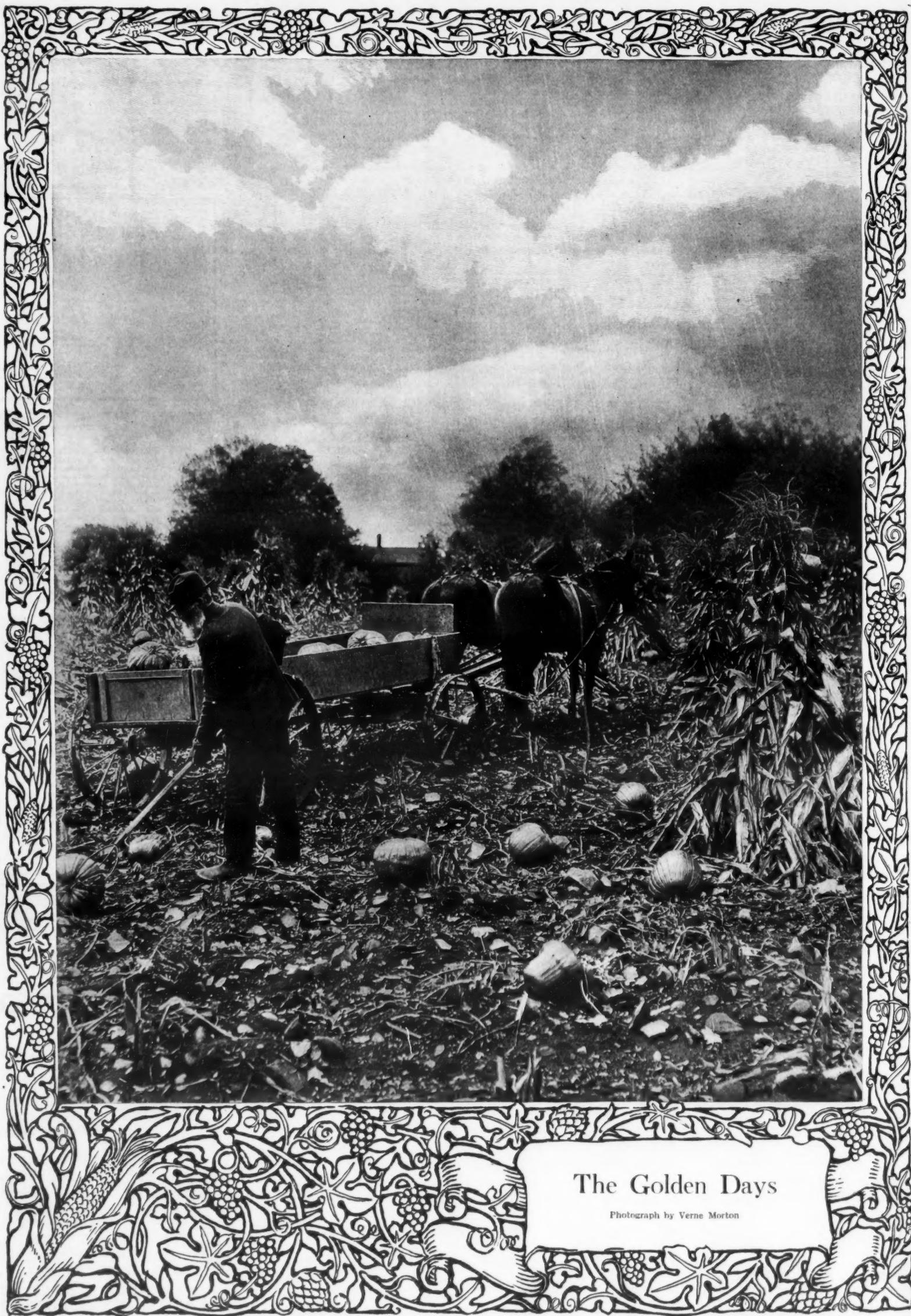
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The Golden Days

Photograph by Verne Morton

Collier's

The National Weekly



P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers

Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

October 1, 1910

Why Not?

OME AMERICAN SAILORS sign their names with a cross. A war vessel is a great machine shop, with boilers, engines, wireless system, telephones, and electric devices of all kinds. Why could we not follow what is done in some factories, as at Cincinnati, for instance? Why could we not make a contract enlistment in the navy which would guarantee to a young man entering the navy a couple of hours of education a day under competent instructors? There are some seven hundred men on a war vessel with three or four instructors on board, and with the addition of first-class correspondence work it would be possible for a young man to go into the navy for two or three years and come out with an education and the beginning either of a profession or of some kind of an industrial education. We could advertise—"Go to the navy and get an education; go to the army and get an education." These young men would go back into the ranks of the working people of our country and form a great reserve for our army and navy. This plan would cost merely the pay of the instructors, and limitless is what it might accomplish for efficiency in army and navy. The desertions from the army to-day are not surprising. What inspiration is there? There have been organized at some of our universities fine correspondence schools. Wisconsin has over three hundred and eighty courses. This whole machinery could be used on the battleships, and the men who take the lessons would pay for the work. Instruction, help, and a little inspiration would do the rest.

Lenity

FROM A COLLEGE TOWN comes a letter quoting the word "leniency" from our columns, and then adding, "Why not 'leniency'?" The word is simpler and sweeter. Doesn't it jar CICERO's "lenitas" in his orations against CATILINE, to render it "leniency"? Won't you help "leniency" to come back?" Our agreement goes with our correspondent, but our confidence that "leniency" can be brought back is perhaps somewhat less than his.

Evidently Hostile

A TEXAS OBSERVER of polities and baseball manages to express his opinion of THEODORE ROOSEVELT by sending us the following baseball nine:

Catcher and Captain	THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Pitcher	CHARLES A. GUITEAU
First Base	JOHN WILKES BOOTH
Second Base	LEON CZOLGOSZ
Third Base	BENEDICT ARNOLD
Short-stop	AARON BURR
Left-field	WILLIAM M. TWEED
Center-field	ANANIAS
Right-field	JUDAS ISCARIOT

From a baseball point of view the efficiency of this nine may be questioned, but it leaves no doubt about our Texas friend's judgment of the ex-President.

Efficiency

THE GREATEST PAINTINGS in the world are probably those which are contained in the gallery at Madrid. The building is an incredible fire-trap; the very guards smoke cigarettes, and frequently they fall asleep in their chairs.

The Unbiased View

IN THEIR ATTEMPT to make the reports against Secretary BALLINGER look partisan, the Standpat interests will doubtless be frustrated by the widespread knowledge that Mr. MADISON is a Republican. The newspaper associations could not give any adequate account of the reports in the short space that they could devote to them. For instance, most readers will not be aware that Mr. MADISON made the following statements: "I have no hesitancy in expressing my conviction that the Cunningham claims are fraudulent. . . . I am convinced that the Government's case is not being properly presented nor vigorously prosecuted. . . . The cross-examination of CLARENCE CUNNINGHAM, the most important witness for the claimants, was a farce." As an example of the view of the more enlightened newspapers, take the Kansas City "Star," which observes that Mr. MADISON carefully refrained from putting any weight on a great part of the most damaging evidence against Mr. BALLINGER, because he did not wish to press any point, however strong, that was not strictly relevant to the exact purpose of

the investigation, and then it goes on to observe that the conclusion of Mr. MADISON, the least partisan member of the whole committee, makes it clear that, to quote its own words, "BALLINGER must go." The Democratic report was sound and fair, but it is unnecessary to put stress upon it since Mr. MADISON's report so entirely covers the ground.

Glavis

PROTESTS CONTINUE to flow in against allowing the Interior Department drama to pass into history without some public testimonial to the young public servant without whose brains and courage the fight could never have been won. The following is from an editorial in the Kansas City "Times":

"... Happily his case was taken up by a powerful journal which could not be suppressed. COLLIER'S WEEKLY forced a public hearing, and GLAVIS has received a complete exoneration from the Democratic members of the investigating committee and from the single unbiased Republican. Representative MADISON's declaration that the young official was actuated by purely patriotic motives, and that his activity had saved to the American people lands carrying millions of tons of coal, will carry weight with those persons who have been unable to follow the testimony. . . . It is a mighty fine thing that the American people can always depend on a supply of men of the Glavis-Pinchot type in the public service who are brave enough to risk their fortunes for the cause of decency and right."

The Oklahoma correspondent who sends this quotation goes on to ask whether the man who has been instrumental in saving property worth many millions should not receive from the American people some definite recognition of labors honestly accomplished:

"When a young official can stand up unflinchingly under the most powerful pressure and discharge his duty as he sees it, according to his oath, he does that which the entire Republic may well stop to praise.

"What, now, is to be GLAVIS's reward? He ran a great risk in acting as he did; the risk of being discredited and disgraced and ridiculed throughout the land, and this might have come to him had it not been for your unrelenting campaign. I understand that the machinery of the Interior Department has already been set in motion to take away from GLAVIS even his homestead entry in the Northwest.

"I believe that this Government is rich enough to pay for services well performed; and I believe that the coming Congress may, if the matter is sufficiently urged, encourage a little wider and more continuous patriotism by recognizing this patriot."

With the desire of so many of our correspondents that the intelligence, patriotism, and courage of GLAVIS should receive acknowledgment, we are naturally in accord. We can not, however, believe that it is a fitting subject for Congress. If anything is done, the tribute would come best from some reform body. Any Good Government Club, for instance, in any city, might well take the step. As explained in these columns some weeks ago, our own hands are tied, since if we started a subscription many persons would think there might be an underlying selfish motive. Our correspondent's statement about the attempt of the Interior Department to block GLAVIS's legitimate attempt to use his ability and knowledge in the land business is not only true, but is also characteristic of the spirit in which the Department has been conducted.

Carter

MONTANA HAS ALWAYS BEEN an interesting State. Its political battles have been fought, stripped to the waist, in gladiatorial fashion. The only successful still-hunt politician Montana has ever known is Senator THOMAS H. CARTER. Senator CARTER is now busy in a dual attempt to convince his Insurgent constituents that he is the real Simon-pure type of Insurgent, and the regulars that he is the accredited apostle of ALDRICH. CARTER is a subservient. No one in the United States Senate more thoroughly or more servilely represents the corporations than CARTER. He never misses a roll-call in which Wall Street is interested—Standard Oil, Amalgamated Copper, Northern Pacific, the GUGGENHEIMS—these are a few of CARTER's political clients. Rising from poverty, and with every spur to gratitude, he has never known political sympathy for the poor. Northern Pacific is more interesting.

Seduction by Plunder

AS THE MARVELOUS letter by Secretary NORTON, defining the President's conception of legislation by the persuasive power of public spoils, is not only in a million homes still a topic of animated debate, but is likely to be historic, we beg leave to recall an episode in the life of CHARLES EVANS HUGHES. When he was in his first hard fight with the crooks and bosses of New York, it was intimated to him that Mr. ROOSEVELT, then President, would very likely be willing to help him with the Federal plunder. Mr. HUGHES underwent no hesitation. His reply was unmistakable and prompt. It signified that bribery with patronage was not his method of inducing legislators to accept his views.

Haitians at Work

IF THE WISE old black gentleman who rules the Republic of Haiti has added a knowledge of English to the extremely simple accomplishments he possessed when he became President two years ago, he ought to read with extreme satisfaction the following, which is condensed from the "Canal Record":

"An opportunity was afforded to test the value of the various classes of laborers on the Isthmus on the elemental basis of pick and shovel work. White Spaniards and Italians could earn just about enough from daybreak to sunset to keep them alive. Native Panamanians did not find the work profitable. Negroes from the British West Indies could earn little more than the ten cents gold an hour that the Commission pays on regular work. French negroes, those from Haiti and Martinique, excelled all others. They made \$1.50 gold a day in six hours of actual work, day after day."

This shows what the native Haitian can do when driven by white men. It also suggests what he might do by himself at home if his politicians and dictators would give him a chance.

The Suffering Potato

AMERICAN FARMERS are warned by the Department of Agriculture to watch for a new potato malady, which has developed into a plague in Europe. The "black scab," "warty," or "cauliflower" disease, starting in Hungary in 1896, has seriously infected Ireland, England, Germany, Scandinavia, France, and Italy. It appeared on the North American Continent last year in Newfoundland. The keenest lookout must be kept, for where the disease has taken hold no healthy tubers will develop. So insidious is the plague that it not only renders all the soil of a field diseased, but bits of dirt clinging to the boots or implements of a farm-hand may carry the pest to uninfected areas. Thereafter the ground will produce unsound crops for a number of years, unless an intelligent system of crop rotation is used to heal the soil. Diseased potatoes should invariably be burned—or, if too wet to burn, should be buried in a hole and covered with unslaked lime. Seed potatoes should never be taken from ailing crops. If the seed is suspected, it should be powdered with sulphur and stored away until planted. Farmers should cooperate with the Department of Agriculture by reporting any appearance of the disease, so that it may be kept from fastening itself into American soil.

Fairs

AMONG THE LOVED SPOTS that our infancy knew, the fair-ground was second only to the circus lot, because it was from the fair-ground that Pro-fes'-sor SKIN-NOR, the Dare-Devil Aeronaut, made an ascension every afternoon at three o'clock in crimson tights and green gymnasium shirt. Next to the delight of gaping at the balloonist, came the joy of sipping circus lemonade. Fond recollection exalts this pink nectar above even the cool liquid that dripped from the iron-bound, moss-covered, old oaken bucket. But nowadays—alas! And for the county fair of the future—alas and twice alack! For Pro-fes'-sor SKIN-NOR, that artist who lived on adulation and an average weekly wage of five dollars, warning comes this season from dozens of counties that no balloonist need apply as long as an aviator is available. A motor-car with wings, and a stolid chauffeur-person with linen duster and goggles, take the place of the varnished silk gas bag and the gaudy acrobat who kissed his finger tips and wafted the kisses down to us from clouddland; who, on a trapeze fastened to a swiftly dropping parachute, chinned himself, skinned the cat, and hung by one toe, his arms crossed on his chest. We called him Pro-fes'-sor—he was so dazzlingly different from the remainder of the humdrum populace who stood among the weeds and the tall grass of the fair-ground and gaped.... Pink lemonade, too, is checked for the land of fond recollections. In Kansas a few weeks ago the State Board of Health ruled that the barker who speaks of a wash-tub full of tartaric acid, saccharin, water, and a lemon peel as "lemonade" is violating the pure food law. To every county fair in the State this unsentimental board sent orders that the imitation must be labeled as such in big letters on the side of the tub, and that the barker must call it an imitation in his "spiel." Imagine him: "It's i-i-ee cold, ladies an' gents—I regret to say, however, an imitation!" Even the imitation must be made of real citric acid, and contain neither saccharin nor tartaric acid. The fact is, the county fair has been taking on a more serious and educational aspect every season. The spirit of the agricultural colleges is dominating it. At Independence, Missouri, this fall, the prize "card" was an acre garden illustrating what intensive farming can do; and an exhibit of geological specimens crowded its way in among the jellies, preserves, and fancy work in the Fine Arts Building.

Movement

ALIVERYMAN in an Ozark village, a patriarch of the standpat type, was hired by two tourists to drive to a cave several miles from any of the main traveled roads. At the end of half a day of terrific jolting over stones and roots the driver pulled up his horses at the fork of two trails and sat solemnly stroking his beard and blinking. The tourists, suspecting that he was not the sort of person who would be likely to do much exploring unless he were forced into it, asked what was wrong. Didn't he recall the road? "Oh, I 'low I know the way all right enough," the old man drawled, "but there's been a sight o' fences put up since I was here last. Fences—an' gen'ral improvements." And how long ago was that? the tourists

inquired. "Must 'a' been about—about '67," he answered. Those standpat orators who have been touring in the interest of the Grand Old Party this season on a circuit including such States as Kansas and Iowa and California have made much the same sort of discovery as this unadventurous liveryman. Even in such a trifling time as two years a sight o' fences have been put up.

Ladies in Revolt

GEORGE MEREDITH was a penetrating thinker who kept his mind on human matters of living interest. Nothing kept his attention more constantly than the changing rôle of women in the world. Looking over "A Ballad of Fair Ladies in Revolt" the other day, we were struck with the aptness of the arguments and their contemporary sound. The women lay down the terms on which they can be won

"Without the idle pastime of the chase"

and the typical man answers with his confident rubber stamp, to the effect that whatever has been is natural law, with easy optimism, to which the woman:

"You flatter us, or perchance our milliners
You flatter."

With the flattery goes the threat:

"... your youth
May run to drought in visionary schemes."

The woman wants the truth, and the man answers:

"Lady, there is a truth of settled laws
That down the past turns like a great watch-fire.
Let youth hail changeful mornings; but your cause,
Whetting its edge to cut the race in two,
Is felony."

Woman has been the mark of action, the banner in the strife, out of very weakness strength has been drawn, etc., etc. The ironical answer is easy and conclusive. It is all charity and privilege and protection and the eternal feudal story in another form:

"Tis enough
That you should have dominion o'er the springs
Domestic and man's heart; those ways, how rough.
How vile, outside the stately avenue
Where you walk sheltered by your angel's wings,
Are happily unknown to you."

To these stereotyped arguments MEREDITH gives full justice in presentation, but at the end the reader feels that the woman's answer is complete:

"Sir, get you something of our purity,
And we will of your strength."

Man and Woman

AVERY INTERESTING VOLUME, called "Man and Woman," by HAVELOCK ELLIS, when it first appeared, sixteen years ago, undertook to bring together the current scientific opinions on the topic of which it treats. The latest edition, bringing the conclusions fairly well up to date, is probably the best popular and summary exposition of the subject. It is a good book to read, for it not only gives information, but teaches intellectual caution and humility, showing how rash and shallow are many of our pseudo-scientific generalizations, and how various have been the spheres, occupations, and relations of the sexes under varying customs and environments. To return, however, to the one point which we deemed suitable material for an editorial. The male is more variable from the type than the female, the explanation lying perhaps partly in his later development, partly in her more intimate connection with offspring. Women resemble children in various ways, as, for instance, in their diseases, it being easy to find diseases which are common in women and children and rare in men, but difficult to find any which are frequent in men and children and rare in women. In various physical characteristics, as her high voice, smooth face, and many interior characteristics, woman resembles the child. Now what does this mean? The infant ape is much more like man than the adult ape is. In other words, the ape is higher in the line when he is born, and then, from the evolutionary point of view, he goes backward. The female ape changes less, remains nearer the infant type, and therefore is higher than the male. The human infant, likewise, is more like what a higher race would be, if one should be developed, along Darwinian lines, than either of his parents, but the woman is higher, from this biological standpoint, than the man. The child of many African races is scarcely, if any, inferior to the white child. Adaptation to his environment is a different thing. There the hairy, large-boned gorilla is ahead of his offspring, but not from the zoological point of view. DARWIN pointed out that zoological conservatism of the woman, which means that she, like the child, approximates more nearly the human type to which man is approaching. The large-headed, delicate-faced, small-boned man of urban civilization is much nearer to the typical woman than is the savage. Industry, taking the place of war, tends to make men more like women. "The hope of our future civilization lies in the development in equal freedom of both the masculine and the feminine elements in life," and "it is safer to trust to the conservatism of nature than to the conservatism of man"—with which quotations we hand the volume to the reader.

What the World Is Doing

A Pictorial Record of Current Events



The First Step Toward Raising the Wreck of the "Maine" from the Bottom of Havana Harbor

As a result of the appropriation of \$300,000 at the last session of Congress for raising what is left of the hull of the battleship "Maine," the commission sent by the War Department started, on September 10, to make soundings about the wreck of the vessel. Thirty men are engaged in this work, which is in charge of Captain Harley B. Ferguson of the United States Army Corps of Engineers. The wreck of the "Maine," containing 61 unrecovered bodies, has lain undisturbed since the explosion on February 15, 1898, in which 260 American seamen were killed. The raising of the vessel is expected to settle conclusively the cause of the explosion—whether from an internal or external source. From left to right in the photograph are Colonel William M. Black, Captain Harper, and Captain Ferguson

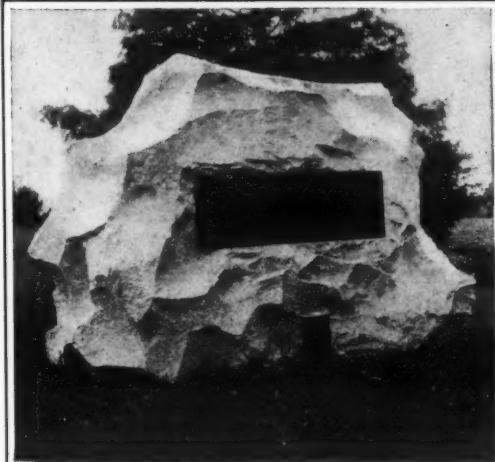
MR. ROOSEVELT'S activities during the week following the Democratic landslide in Maine included a definition of the New Nationalism as "the application of certain old-time moralities to the changed conditions of to-day"; praise of certain of President Taft's acts, and, in his speech at Syracuse, on September 17, a challenge to those who criticized his comments on the Supreme Court to come out in the open and fight.

In his speech on the New Nationalism at Riverhead, Long Island, September 15, he said: "I wish to see greater governmental efficiency, because we have to deal with greater business efficiency. Simple laws are all that are necessary in small communities where there is no big business and each man works for himself. When you get masses of wealth gathered together and great corporations developing, conditions then become so changed that there must be an increase in governmental activity to control the wealth for business efficiency. I would not do wrong to the great corporations, but I don't intend to rely only on the big corporation's good nature to see that the corporation doesn't do harm against us. I want to see such control of the wealth now gathered for business uses as to favor the honest man who uses the wealth genuinely for the service of the public, and to make the dishonest man feel that he has to do what is right; and if he doesn't feel it we should see to it that he does. That is my whole creed."

Papers opposed to Colonel Roosevelt criticized him for talking hazily about improvement without explaining the methods by which such changes could constitutionally be brought about.

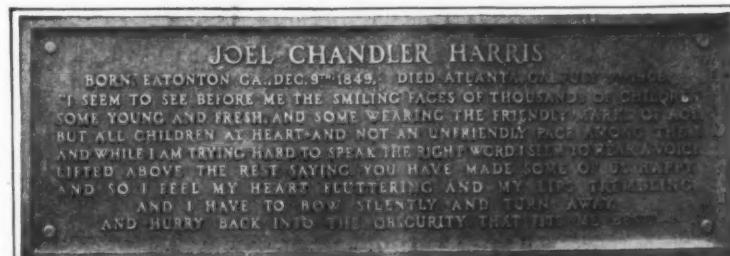
CPresident Woodrow Wilson of Princeton University was nominated as the Democratic candidate for Governor of New Jersey on the first ballot at the State Convention, September 14. Dr. Wilson stated that he would submit his resignation as president of Princeton at the first meeting of the Board of Trustees. The three great questions that now demand solution, according to Dr. Wilson, are reorganization and economy in administration, the equalization of taxation, and the control of corporations.

Oct. 1



The Resting-Place of Uncle Remus

The granite monument, which has recently been placed at the grave of Joel Chandler Harris in Westview Cemetery, Atlanta, Georgia, bears a bronze plate on which is an inscription taken from one of the author's books. His quaint dark stories of Br'er Rabbit and Br'er Fox and other animal characters have delighted many thousands of children of more than one generation all over the world



The tablet on the tombstone of Joel Chandler Harris

Caleb Powers, who was tried four times for complicity in the murder of Governor William Goebel of Kentucky in January, 1900, was nominated for Congress on the Republican ticket on September 15, after one of the bitterest campaigns in Kentucky. Powers was pardoned on June 13, 1908, by Governor Wilson, after a bitter legal and factional fight that had exhausted his resources and wearied his State.

CThomas C. Dawson, the new Minister to Panama, sailed for his post on September 15. He will proceed almost immediately to Managua, Nicaragua, where he will act as Special Commissioner to assist in the reorganization of Nicaraguan affairs. Francis Marsh, Chargé d'Affaires at Panama, was recalled immediately preceding Mr. Dawson's appointment.

CThe population of Chicago was announced, on September 17, to be 2,185,283. This marks an increase for the last decade of 486,708, or 28.7 per cent. Chicago thus continues to be the second city in the country, with a population of about 600,000 more than Philadelphia, and 2,600,000 short of New York. The result was a great disappointment to Chicago's Three Million Club.

CPablo Arosemena, Minister of Panama to Chile, was elected First Vice-President of Panama on September 14. Federico Boyd and Rodolfo Chiari were elected Second and Third Vice-Presidents. Arosemena will assume charge of the Government as Acting President for the balance of the unexpired term of the late President Obaldia.

CThe fifth and latest of the Zeppelin airships, *Zeppelin VI*, was destroyed by fire on September 14. The explosion of a benzine tank in the rear gondola, as her crew were housing the airship at Baden Baden, started the fire. Nothing remained but a tangled mass of aluminum frames. The *Zeppelin VI* had made, in the eighteen days preceding her last, thirty-four passenger trips, in all sorts of weather, covered about 2,000 miles, and carried more than 300 passengers.

What the World Is Doing: A Record of Current Events



The coronation of Queen California in Union Square, San Francisco, September 8, at the beginning of the three-day carnival to celebrate the sixtieth birthday of California

An Island of Dogs

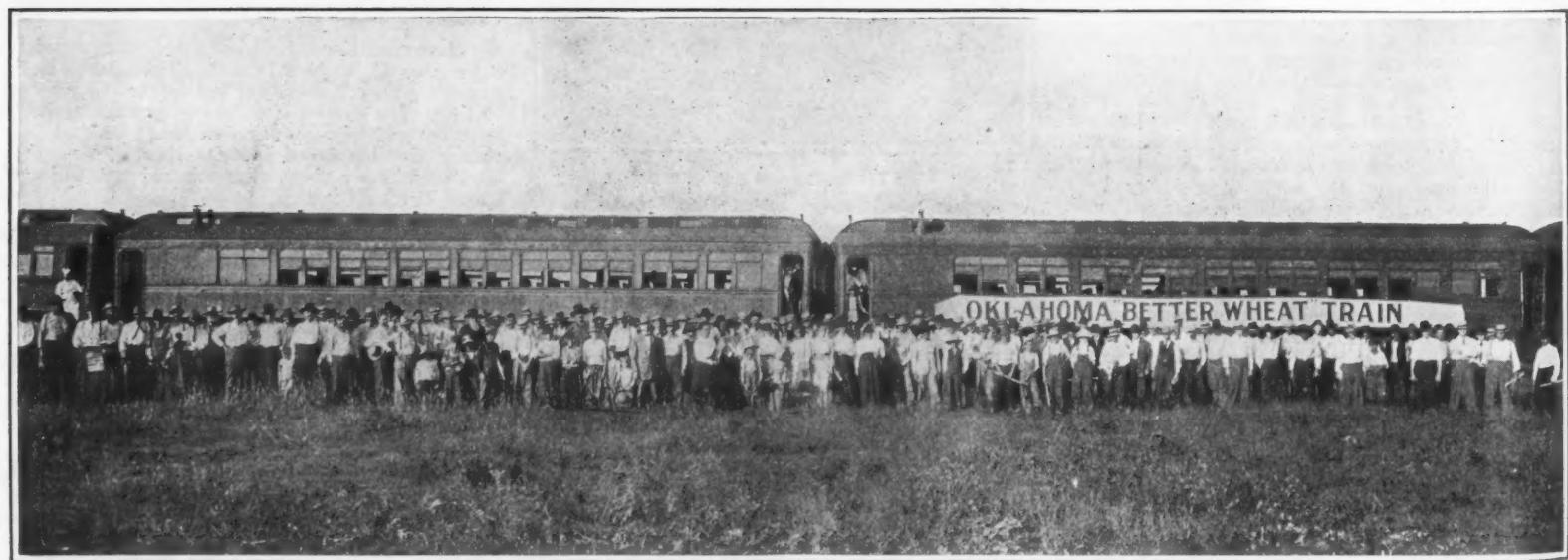
THE dogs of Constantinople, which have long been one of the famous characteristics of the city, have now been banished by a vote of the Turkish Government, under the pressure of public opinion, to the Isle of Oxiias, in the Sea of Marmora. There they are provided regularly with rations of food from the city and are also supplied with cans of water from the wells of the island. The dogs make a wild rush to the water's edge as boats containing visitors draw near, with great manifestations of joy at the sight of human beings. The creatures are sometimes compelled to wade out and stand in the water of the sea to avoid the swarms of flies and gnats which hover about them, and to keep cool under the burning rays of the Aegean sun. A visitor to the island writes: A picture of misery and desolation met our eyes—dead and dying animals were to be seen everywhere. I saw dogs eating their dead companions. I was informed that there were some 40,000 dogs in the place. The death rate was about 200 a day



Some of Constantinople's 40,000 dogs, former street-scavengers, now exiled on an island in the Sea of Marmora

The San Francisco Festival

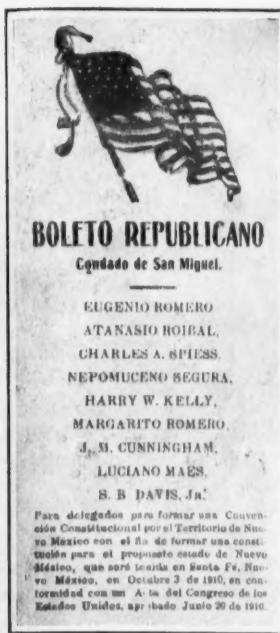
TO commemorate California's entrance into the Union sixty years ago—September 9, 1850—the Admission Day celebration of the Native Sons' Society was enlarged this year into a three-day carnival. On the opening afternoon, the Queen of the Carnival was met at the Mission Street wharf by her military escort and the reception committee, and was driven through the streets to Union Square, where at the foot of the Dewey monument the coronation took place. She was presented with the keys of the city by Mayor McCarthy, while five thousand children joined in singing choruses and waving flags. In the evening great throngs of people crowded the streets and abandoned themselves to confetti battles. The Admission Day Parade, reviewed by Governor Gillett, occurred on the following morning. The program of the second and third days included every kind of carnival event, and was more elaborate than that of the Portola celebration, which took place last year



Oklahoma's Better Wheat Train

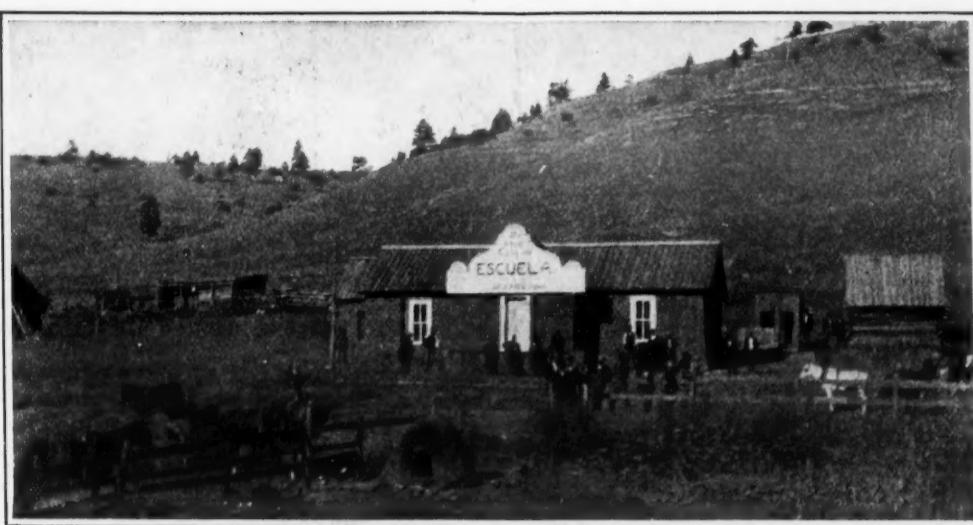
Explaining to the farmers of the State why it will be to their advantage to grow pure wheat, the authorities of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Stillwater, Oklahoma, and the officers of the State Board of Agriculture sent a special train through the forty odd wheat-growing counties of Western and Central Oklahoma during September, instructing the farmers how to select and secure pure seed and how best to take care of the crop at all stages of cultivation, from the time of breaking the land to the harvest. The train consisted of six cars—two for exhibits, three for lectures and demonstrations, and one private car for the lecturers. It was known everywhere as the "Better Wheat Train," and hundreds of farmers visited the seventy-five stations where the train stopped to see the exhibits and hear the lectures.

What the World Is Doing: A Record of Current Events



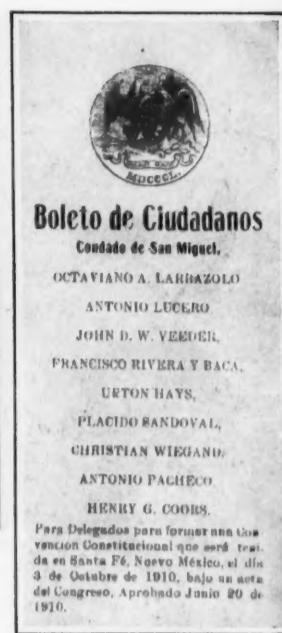
The Republican Ballot

For the election of delegates to New Mexico's Constitutional Convention at Santa Fe, Oct. 3



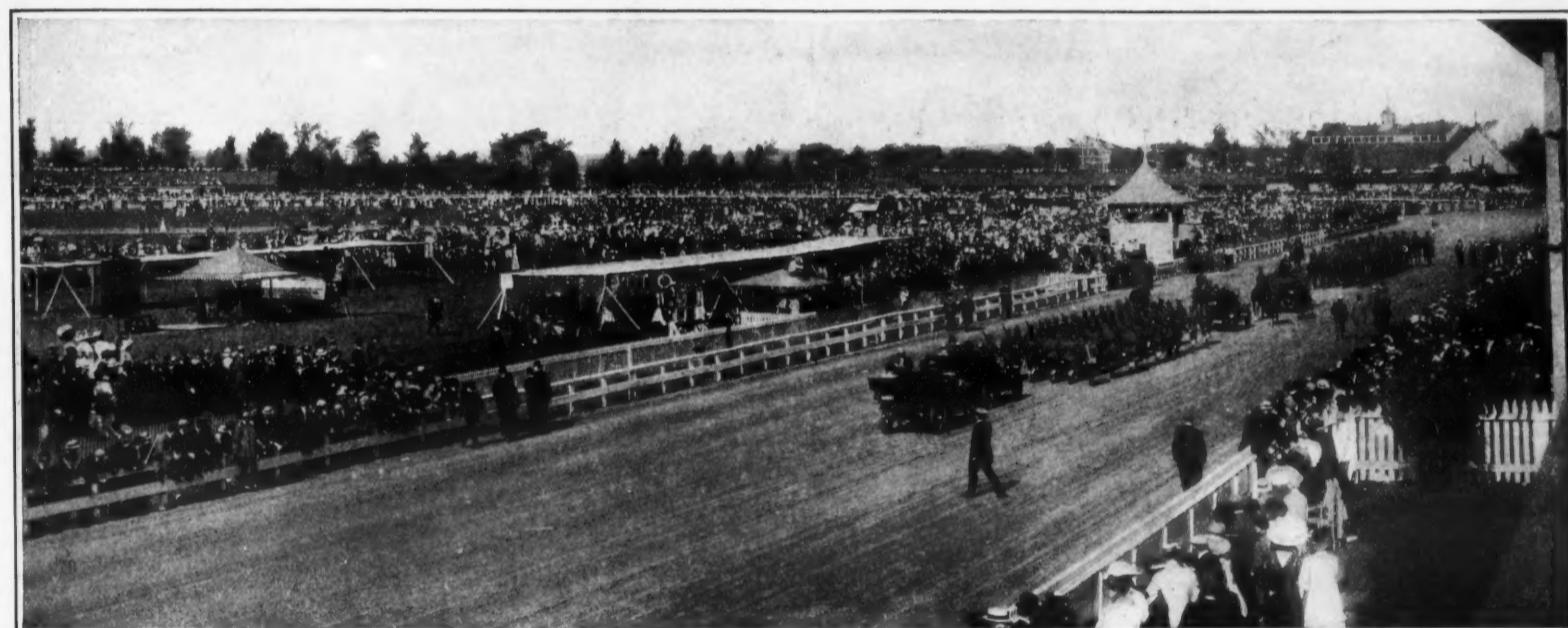
An Incident of the Constitutional Convention Elections in New Mexico

Although the election was for the purpose of selecting delegates to a convention that is to frame a constitution for one of the new States of the Union, the ballots were printed in Spanish. The voting at Porvenir was done in a public schoolhouse (casa de escuela). The Old Guard Republicans were in charge of the election, and in San Miguel County refused to allow the Citizens' Party, a fusion of Democrats and progressive Republicans, to have watchers at many of the polling-places. When a ballot was handed in the election judges opened and inspected it before placing it in the ballot-box. The Old Guard or regular Republicans carried the Territory and will undoubtedly defeat the initiative and referendum measures in the convention. The photograph shows the Placita Rio de Gallinas Abajo, at Porvenir, New Mexico, during the voting. Cheap whisky and cigars were distributed to the voters



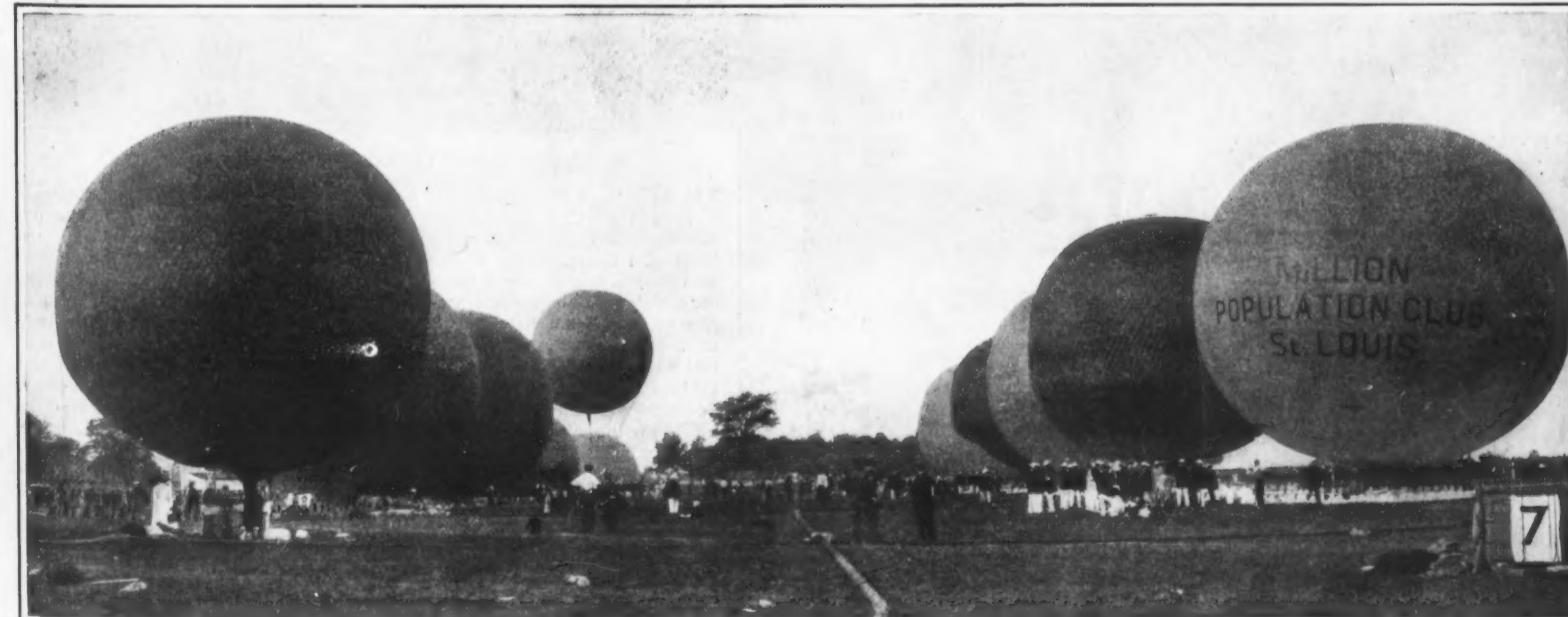
The Fusion Ticket

Like its opponent, printed entirely in Spanish, for voting by citizens of the United States



Colonel Roosevelt at the New York State Fair

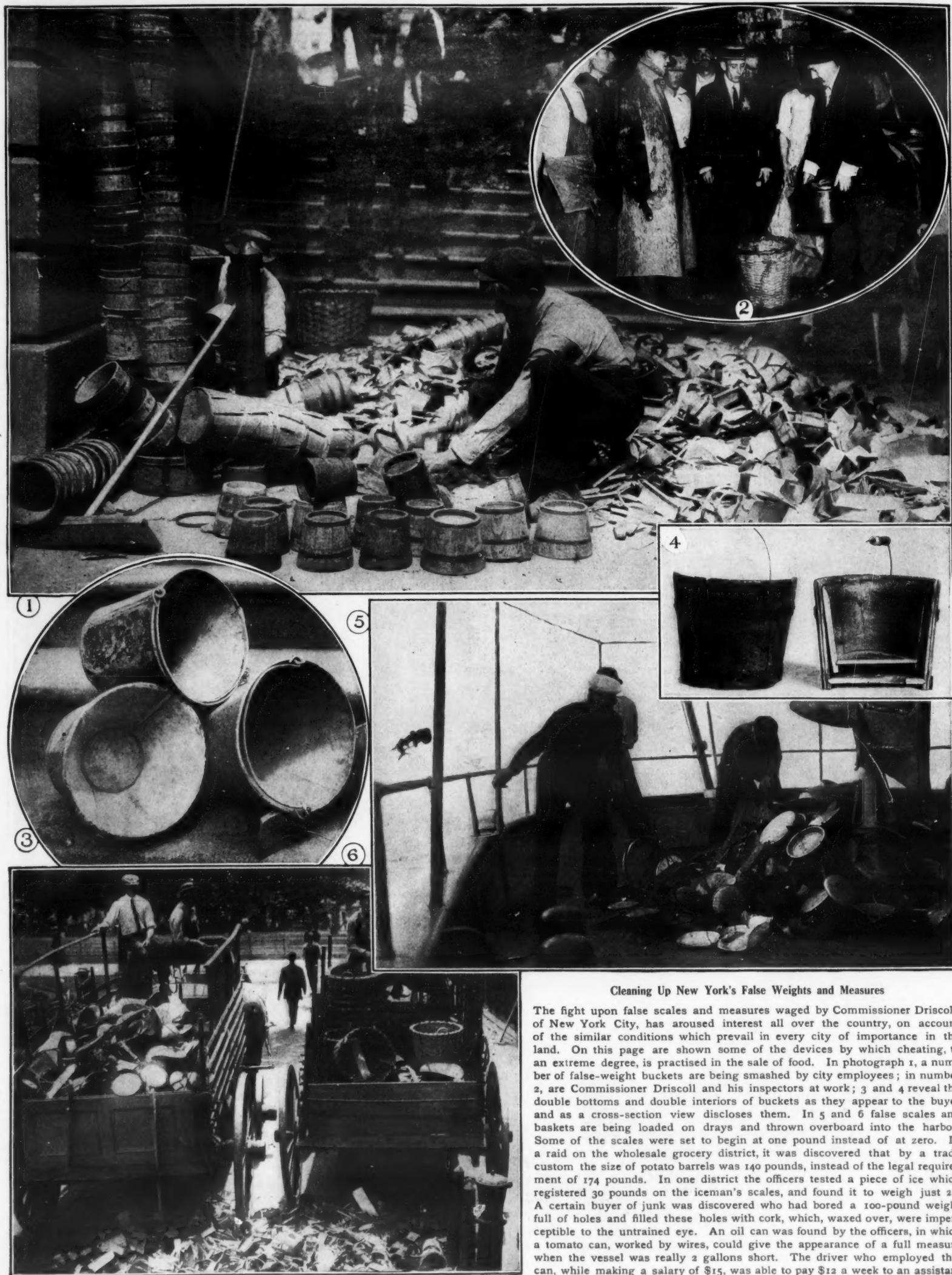
Driving around the race-track with his escort, at Syracuse, on September 17, where a crowd of 60,000 people welcomed him and listened to an address, in which he challenged his detractors to come out into the open and fight, declaring that the doctrine of the new nationalism is in no measure to be feared by honest men



The Start of the National Championship Balloon Races

Thirteen balloons, entered in the free-for-all contest and championship event for endurance in the air, set sail from the Indianapolis Motor Speedway, on the afternoon of September 17, in order to qualify as American representatives in the International balloon race, which will start from St. Louis on October 17

What the World Is Doing: A Record of Current Events



Cleaning Up New York's False Weights and Measures

The fight upon false scales and measures waged by Commissioner Driscoll, of New York City, has aroused interest all over the country, on account of the similar conditions which prevail in every city of importance in the land. On this page are shown some of the devices by which cheating, to an extreme degree, is practised in the sale of food. In photograph 1, a number of false-weight buckets are being smashed by city employees; in number 2, are Commissioner Driscoll and his inspectors at work; 3 and 4 reveal the double bottoms and double interiors of buckets as they appear to the buyer and as a cross-section view discloses them. In 5 and 6 false scales and baskets are being loaded on drays and thrown overboard into the harbor. Some of the scales were set to begin at one pound instead of at zero. In a raid on the wholesale grocery district, it was discovered that by a trade custom the size of potato barrels was 140 pounds, instead of the legal requirement of 174 pounds. In one district the officers tested a piece of ice which registered 30 pounds on the iceman's scales, and found it to weigh just 22. A certain buyer of junk was discovered who had bored a 100-pound weight full of holes and filled these holes with cork, which, waxed over, were imperceptible to the untrained eye. An oil can was found by the officers, in which a tomato can, worked by wires, could give the appearance of a full measure when the vessel was really 2 gallons short. The driver who employed this can, while making a salary of \$15, was able to pay \$12 a week to an assistant

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The Systematic Business of Cheating in the Sale of Food

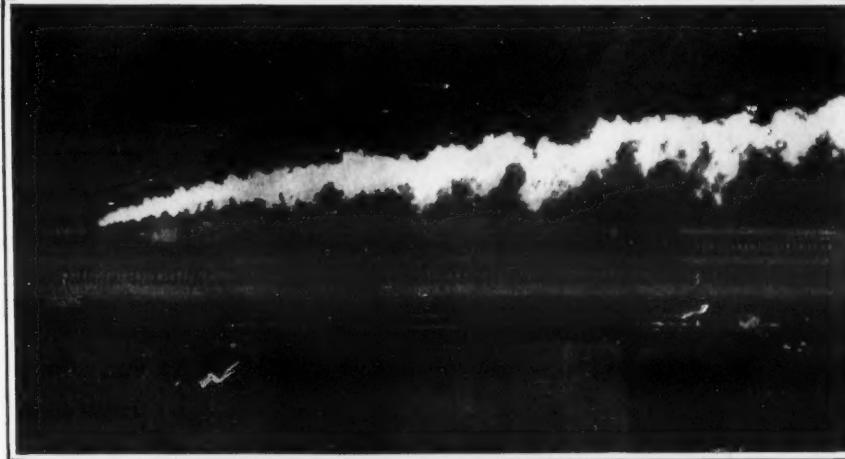
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What the World Is Doing: A Record of Current Events



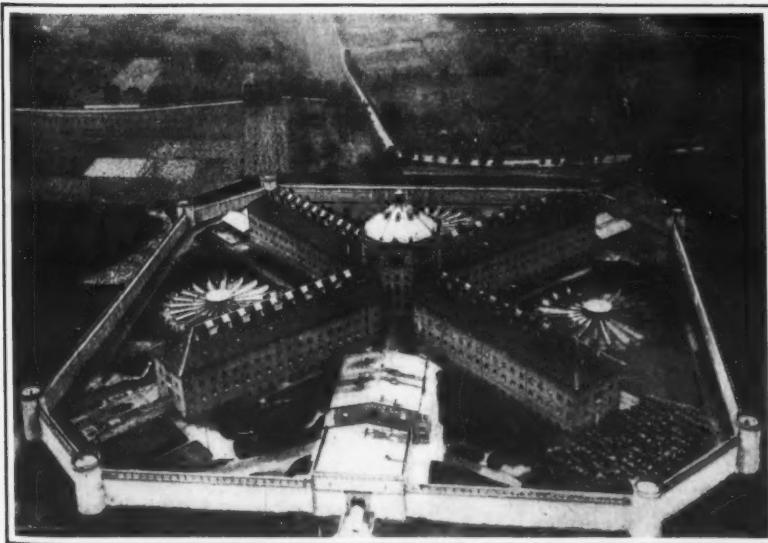
A bird's-eye view of Mannheim from the "Zeppelin VI," in a voyage which started from Baden-Baden for Karlsruhe, but which was hindered by wind and rain

THESE photographs were taken from Count Zeppelin's latest dirigible, which, in the latter part of August and first two weeks in September, made thirty-four passenger trips, covering altogether about 2,000 miles and transporting more than 300 passengers. The flights were carried out with great regularity in spite of frequent unfavorable weather. On September 14 she rose with twelve passengers for a trip to Heilbronn, but after proceeding twenty miles difficulty in the action of one of the forward motors caused the vessel to return to Baden-Baden for repairs. While she was being warped into her shed at this place a benzine tank exploded in the rear gondola and started a fire which destroyed the whole airship. The shed alone was saved. Ten workmen were injured—two of them seriously. The dirigible had been chartered for the

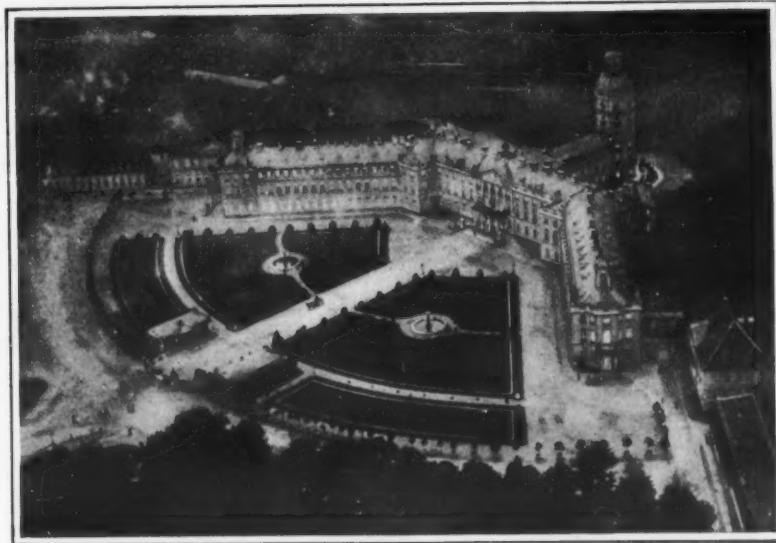


Flying above a railroad train which is running at full speed

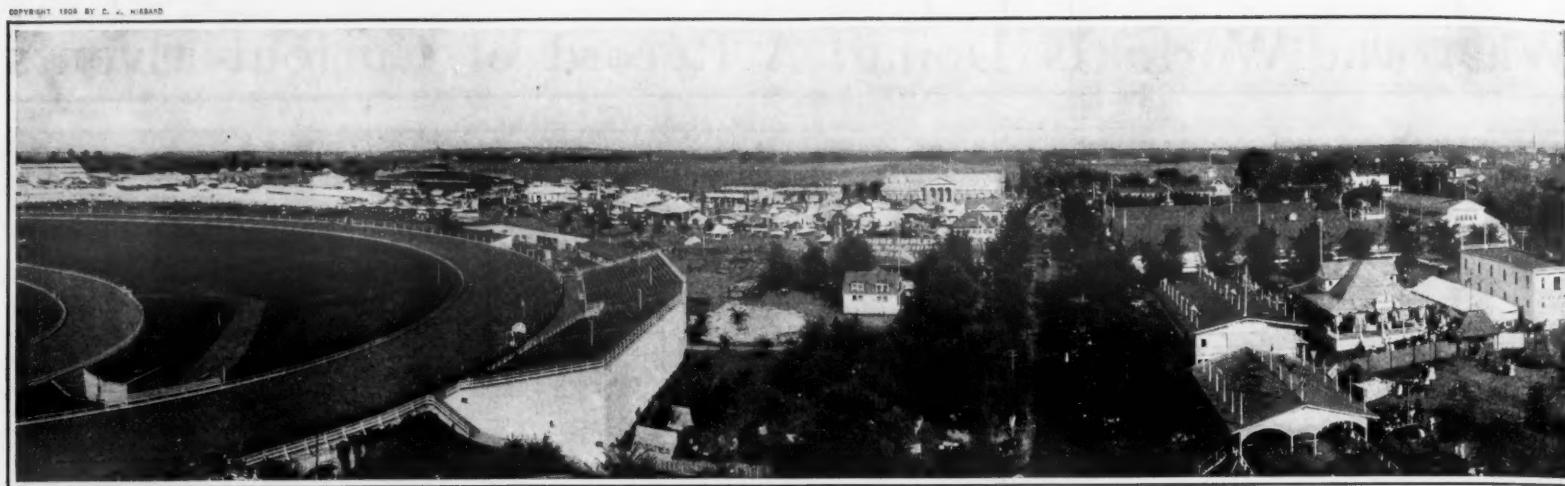
use of a private party on September 16, in connection with which a rate of \$500 an hour had been fixed for the first two hours and \$250 for each additional hour. The "Zeppelin VI" was built in 1909, and with a speed of thirty-eight miles an hour was said to be the swiftest of her type. She carried a crew of ten men. Her most notable achievement was her flight from Friedrichshafen to Berlin, when she carried Count Zeppelin, the inventor, on a visit to Emperor William. This is the fifth serious accident which has befallen the Zeppelin dirigibles—the "Zeppelin I" was torn from her moorings and thrashed to pieces in a thunderstorm; the "Zeppelin II" was destroyed by a gale at Limburg-an-der-Lahn; the "Zeppelin III" was badly damaged on making a landing at Mergentheim; and the "Deutschland" was wrecked in the Teutoburg Forest, June 28



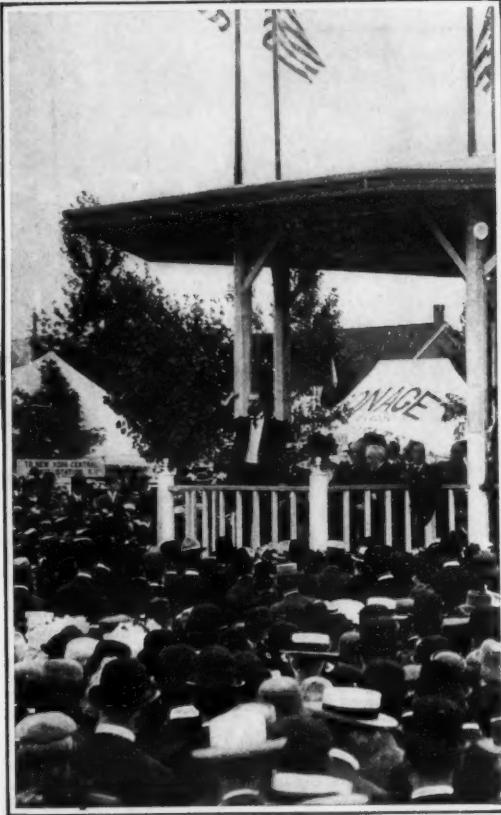
Looking down on the prison at Bruchsal, where the prisoners may be seen drawn up in the yard, and a bird's-eye view of the castle in Karlsruhe



Flying with the Ill-Fated "Zeppelin VI"



The Minnesota State Fair, at first run to the ground by a jockey club, was taken over by the Legislature, which erected



Gov. Hughes addressing a crowd at the State Fair, Syracuse, N.Y.

The Significance

The Work Done by the State Harvest Festivals to

EVERY financial and industrial enterprise is directly or indirectly dependent upon the triumph of the agriculturist. When the fruits of the field are gathered there is reason to rejoice. The farmer does not depend upon Wall Street—Wall Street depends upon the farmer. The great State fairs at Syracuse and Minneapolis represent the biggest things in New York and Minnesota. This was not true a quarter of a century ago. Then the so-called State fair was the land agents' show, where the shell-game operated undisturbed by police interference and the book-maker plundered the half-intoxicated men who were easily induced to play the races.

Under the stupid, short-sighted and thoroughly immoral administration of private jockey clubs and crooked speculators the alleged "State fairs" fell into such disrepute about twenty-five years ago that the farm journals took up an energetic editorial campaign against them—appealing to the people not to endorse them by their patronage and calling upon the State Legislature to forbid these private organizations to use the name of the State.

In Minnesota this campaign became acute about twenty years ago. The Twin City Jockey Club then ran the "Minnesota State Fair." When it was deprived of the privilege of using the State name its secretary said: "Let 'em have a fair run on Sunday-

school lines. There won't be enough people there to trample down the grass."

The State took a hand. An educational show took the place of the former conglomeration of freaks, side shows, unlicensed bars and betting booths. Dignified and stately agricultural and horticultural buildings were constructed on costly and pretentious plans. Live-stock amphitheaters, dairy, poultry, manufacturers' and machinery buildings decorated the well-kept grounds that were soon intersected by smooth concrete walks, sewers, and electric wire conduits.

From this "Sunday-school show" there now return annually to the homes spread over the Gopher State more than 300,000 visitors who tell the story of the fair to the neighbors who "didn't get down this year." The fair has become educational fun. The demonstrator of the new rotary barrel churn cries: "The old dash churn is a pretty good churn, all yu've got to do is to take right hold and make her go gawallop, gawallop, gawallop—but it spatters so like hell."

It is a wholesome method this, of getting your education with a laugh—of learning how to improve your fortunes at a great State picnic.

At the State fair the farm wife learns something about the washer that can be hitched to the windmill, the new automatic breadmaker and the hundred and one things that are making the old stories of farm wives instantly a myth. The State fair has made the Rube who had stuff in him a Progressive Citizen. The other fellow was hopeless anyway.

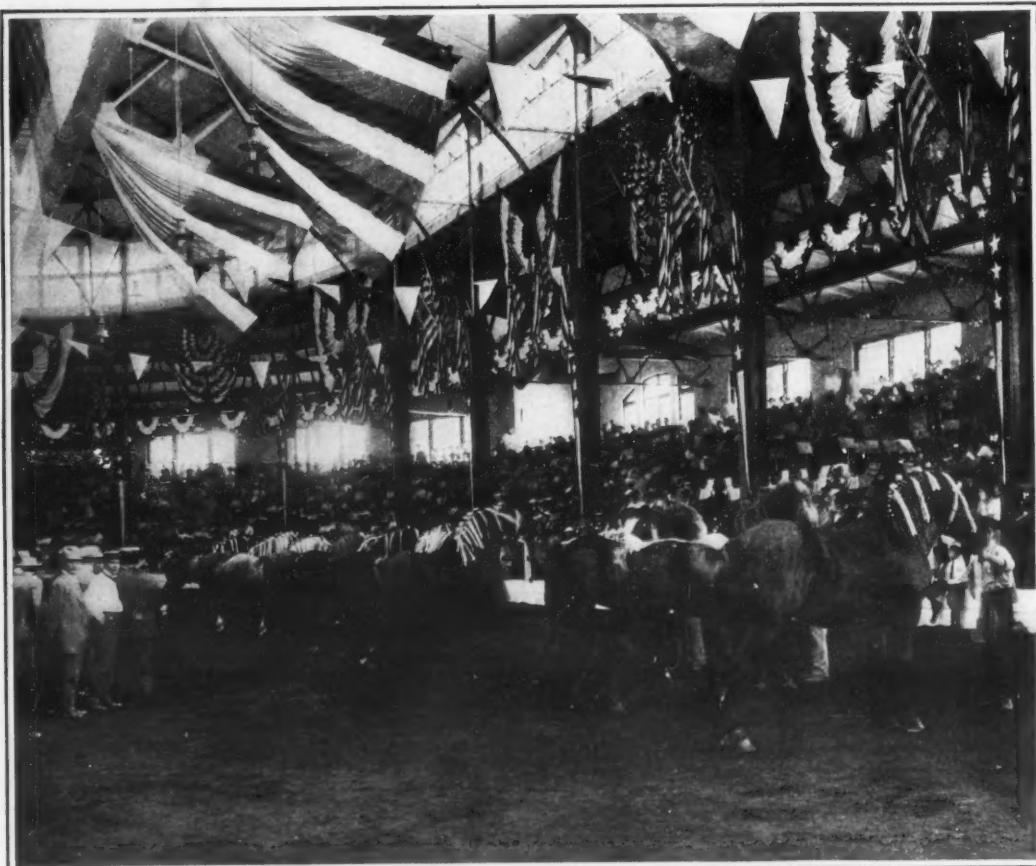
When the old adage that "Uncle Sam had a farm for every man" was a common slogan, the American farmer was a careless, independent, wasteful tiller of the soil. "You can't tell me anything about farms," said an old, good-natured rural Yankee; "I've used up three." He is the farmer who has reveled in the lazy, shiftless task of exhausting virgin fields, and when this was done moved with impatience to other acres yet unbroken by the plow. He is the farmer to whom the "fair" has only been a festival, a combination of big pumpkins shelved in friendly rivalry and an amusement park of merry-go-rounds, Indian dentists and pink lemonade stands. His kind is being retired through the multiplication of our population. It is no longer easy to find new homestead farms. The virgin fields are cleared.

The Clown and the Pain Killer Gone

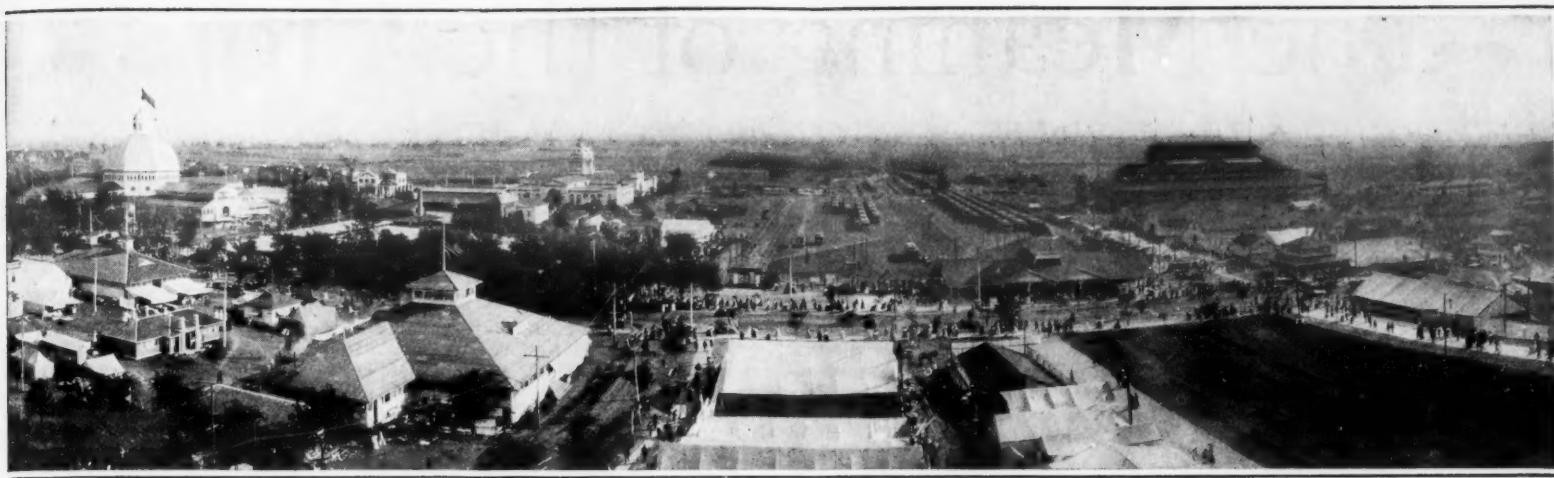
FARMING is a sober business. The problem is no longer one of robbing the soil and reducing the valuation of the harrowed field—it is that of enriching the soil and increasing the valuation of the farm. This is one of the things the State fair has set out to teach.

The clown who rolls through a hoop every time his barker partner sells a bottle of "Patent Persian Pain Killer" is now more often found outside the fair than within. The State fair has come to be a State Conference. It has translated itself from a thing of idle fun and ridicule to a thing of dignity. It is no longer a shameless riot of pool selling, gambling and indecent side shows, but an institution that educates and encourages the people along the most helpful and most wholesome lines of industrial life. It has grown less interesting to the caricaturist but intensely interesting to the scientist. It is a vital thing.

The economic salvation of Uncle Sam's household is infinitely dependent upon the scientific intel-



Exhibiting the prize winners in the working-horse contest in a State Fair stock pavilion



stately exposition buildings and made it one of the finest fairs in the country and a great educational force in Minnesota

of State Fairs

Advance Industrial Welfare — By RICHARD LLOYD JONES

ligence of the farmer. To help him to improve his own fortunes is to help to improve the fortunes of this great family of States. The State fairs are fast assuming this important task.

When the new capitol at Jackson, Mississippi, had lured the law-makers away from the old State house whose chamber walls have echoed the eloquence of Jefferson Davis in ante-bellum days, the old home of legislation was very fittingly turned into a new home of cultivation—the commonwealth cotton fair was placed there.

Organizing the Sowers

THIS exposition and those of its kind in Alabama and Georgia, Louisiana and Texas are as significant of the new industrial South as the Corn Palaces of Sioux City and Mitchell have been indicative of the West. The State fairs which have combined the exhibits of cotton with that of turpentine, corn with cheese, fast horses and beef steers, and wheat with good wool are growing more and more to be the demonstration of things that can be done.

The great work of this world is sowing. Statisticians tell us that sowing is the work of half the human race. The seed benches are dull and stupid only to the untutored mind. From Kansas to Saskatchewan there are "Wheat Seed Associations" and throughout the "Three I" belt—Indiana, Illinois and Iowa—there are "Corn Breeding Associations," and "Seed Culture Societies." The farmers who make up these societies for experiment and research find as much fascination and romance in a sack of pale pink or yellow kernels as a schoolboy finds in the tales of a Viking king.

It is this interest in the science of the soil that has made the prize ear of corn of fifty years ago the commonplace ear of to-day. The Department of Agriculture in Washington made the public announcement last year before the State fairs in the great corn belt country that splendid as is our present corn yield, the corn crop of the United States can be increased to the value of one hundred million dollars through a wise and careful selection of seed; that it can be increased another hundred million by a better process of drying and sorting the seed selected—and that it can be increased still another hundred million by a better care of the growing plant, and still another hundred million by a better care of the soil. This is the romance that the enlightened farmer sees in the exhibit of a sack of perfect seed.

The farmer whose eyes behold only a dry, dull sight in these benches of seeds, who passes them with impatience to get under the flapping canopy of a lively side show, is the farmer whose field yields thirty-five bushels or less to the acre while his neighbor's acre yields close to one hundred bushels of sound, mature corn. It is this farmer whose mind seeks diversion rather than conversion, whose toil is dogged drudgery rather than inspired labor, who complains that his farm is about "used up" and who ultimately sees his chattels and cattle sold by the auctioneer.

"An Indian corn grower" is a slang term of reproach in some sections of the great corn belt. The aboriginal red man grew an elemental corn. The cob was short, stubby and had but eight irregular rows of kernels. The farmer who raises this stuff to-day is the "Indian." The corn grower who boasts of the fertility of the prairie, who is filled with State patriotism and pride, brings to his State fair

strong stalks bearing at least two full ears and one small one, each of the large ears having eighteen rows of fifty kernels each, which brings the bearing of each stock close up to twenty-five hundred kernels. This is the harvest of one seed. This is the man who has made Chicago and built big the commonwealth of Illinois; the man who made Iowa a money-lending State, and it is the man in the wheat fields of Minnesota who made possible the great Minneapolis mills that convert the wheathead into the elements of bread.

When Mr. James J. Hill brought President Taft to Helena, Montana, a year ago, he said, "I want to show you the best agricultural exhibit I ever saw." He might perhaps have said the same thing at the fairs at Syracuse, New York; Springfield, Illinois, and Minneapolis. The newer States have the wholesome enthusiasm of youth. The speakers at the Montana State fair preach the doctrine of conservation and of careful, scientific cultivation. They seek to show to the people that notwithstanding the fact that Montana has led all other States in the production of gold, silver and copper, the greatest wealth of Montana rested in the natural wealth of the soil. And that she can produce from her soil alone over \$300,000,000 of wealth annually. Three hundred million dollars annually means more than banks and automobiles. It means schools, colleges,

(Continued on page 40)



Among the Hoosiers. The Coliseum at the Indiana State Fair



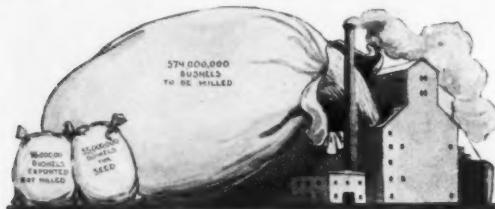
No Midway or Pike ever attracted a more interested crowd than that which gathers around the farm implement booths

The Meaning of the Crops

Figures Which Describe the Enormous Quantity of Wealth Which Issues from the Soil

A NEVER-ENDING stream of food and food products is flowing constantly, night and day, to the consumer in cities and towns. The consumer gives as little attention to this as to the air he breathes, but in effect it is as important in keeping him alive as the air itself. If by some fateful event or series of events, like successive and universal crop failures, this stream should be arrested temporarily or cease to flow altogether, the results would be appalling. First of all would come the rise in prices—not gradually, as has been the case in the last few years—but sharply, like the sudden strike of pain.

The rise would soon become so severe that great suffering would develop among the working classes and poorer people. Prices would become prohibitive and bread lines would form, as in times of deep depression, because such wages as could be earned would become so inadequate in the face of the enormous and continued rise of prices as to be practically negligible. Starvation would set in, and in the useless struggle for a little money, work would be abandoned, factories closed and three-quarters of the



Wheat's Added Profits

With wheat, the yield of which in 1910 is probably over 675,000,000 bushels, bringing to the producer about \$625,000,000, with the exception of probably 55,000,000 bushels for seed, the grain can only be used when manufactured into flour. Even of the 84,500,000 bushels exported during the fiscal year just ending, 38,500,000 bushels, or almost one-half, was flour, and this brought an average price of about \$1.17 per bushel, while the remainder sold at about \$1.05. Of the approximately 550,000,000 bushels of the last crop consumed in this country, practically every bushel passed through manufacturing processes, requiring large labor expenditures and giving large added profits

population would become charity seekers—an army of beggars clamoring for daily bread.

In the dearth of farm products and of live stock products fed from the farm, the foods of Nature, fish, wild game, nuts of the woods, wild fruits and roots, would be rushed to the market while many of the city workers would be forced to seek these for themselves in the woods and streams in a heartbreaking struggle for existence. Death by famine and steady desertion would finally depopulate cities, towns and villages.

Nine Thousand Millions of Dollars from the Harvest

UNDER the bony grip of starvation, the weak would perish first, the strong would become weak and idle, and the great majority of the world's inhabitants would wither and drop away in this dreadful carnival of death, and the comparatively small number of survivors would lapse to the savage state. Civilization, swept back thousands of years in a week, would finally disappear and man and the earth would be restored to their original estates.

These, it is to be hoped, fanciful speculations serve to illustrate the importance of the crops to the city dweller and to the progress of civilization. That such things do happen, the history of India and other portions of the far East give evidence. Famine there has frequently depopulated whole States. The South during the war in the sixties failed to give the world a cotton crop. During that period the distress in all Europe, and particularly in England, where thousands of factory operatives were thrown upon charity, caused a reign of misery, distress and commercial depression of the greatest seriousness.

Here in the United States the amount and value of the crops each year is the very first consideration in the country's welfare.

The question of what the final outcome each year will be is one that receives attention from the earliest moment when any indications are offered, until the final period when the crop is harvested and results known.

These things claim the actual attention of a comparatively few of our millions of workers, but the indications as they are given out, affect trade and

By WILLIAM C. CORNWELL

prosperity visibly; and the actual results of the harvest, whether lean or bountiful, make or mar the welfare of every citizen.

It is impossible to realize what the new crop wealth every year means, by putting down the figures on paper. We look at the figures representing \$1,000,000. We have *some* conception of what they mean, but no adequate conception. The average salary of clerks in the United States is not over \$1,000 per annum. On the million dollars one hundred clerks could live ten years; one clerk could live a thousand years.

The total crops of the United States this year will probably total up nine thousand millions of dollars in value. This will do *nine thousand* times as much as the one million dollars which we have been trying to get some grasp of.

But the wonder of it is that this is all *new wealth* which comes to us by magic in a year's time. Some of it comes in much less time. Secretary Wilson said of the corn crop last year, valued at \$1,720,000,000, that it "came up from the soil and out of the air in one hundred and twenty days—\$14,000,000 a day for one crop; really enough for two Dreadnoughts daily, for peace or war."

The Value of Corn

THE corn crop last year stood at 2,767,000,000 bushels. This year's crop will probably reach 3,000,000,000—the largest number of bushels ever recorded for corn. The price per bushel was higher last year than this, so that the total value will be much the same this year as last.

This \$1,700,000,000—about the probable value of the corn crop this year—nearly equals the value of all the clothing and personal ornaments of the 76,000,000 people in the United States, according to the 1900 census. It equals all the silver and gold coin and bullion in the United States.

There has never before been a 3,000,000,000 bushel corn crop in the United States. The nearest approach to these figures was in 1906, with its record of 2,927,416,000 bushels.

This country's largest crop is corn, and fourth in value, following cotton and wheat, is hay. These two crops—corn and hay—are nearly all consumed at home. But they are crops which bring great additional employment to labor and increased ultimate values, because they are little used in their raw, unmanufactured state.

The greatest value which accrues to any country in the production or manufacture of any article of commerce is the extent to which profitable occupation of labor enters into the operation. For instance, Great Britain imports great quantities of raw cotton, but she exports manufactured cotton goods to a value equal to five times that of the original raw cotton.

All this vast intervening margin remains in Great Britain in the form of payments to labor, for transportation and for other charges, and a very satisfactory amount accrues as profits.

In the foreign trade of the United States the three largest single items of export are raw cotton, copper, and illuminating oils. These together aggregate about forty per cent of our total exports. In cot-

ton very largely and in copper and not so much so in oils, the labor involved and paid for is confined to originally producing the raw article, and practically only this one class of profit is left in the country.

But in corn, fortunately our greatest crop, and in hay, our fourth largest crop, the case is different. Here the article originally produced is only the first form of a to-be-manufactured product, with the exception of a relatively small portion used for subsistence of draft animals. All the rest is used in the manufacture (the correct term) of cattle and hogs, and in the manufacture of many classes of food, solid and liquid, for mankind. These manufactured products include corn meals and many corn foods, glucose, starch, alcohol (especially denatured), whiskies, coarse paper, etc. These corn-product trades are all prosperous. They employ large labor forces, reap abundant profits, and add very considerably to the volume of our foreign exports.

The feeding of cattle and hogs is practically a manufacturing business in corn and hay. The great feeders of the country can estimate accurately almost to a pound what added weight one hundred pounds of corn and hay will give to a steer and what part



The Largest Crop of All

This is corn, valued in 1909 at \$1,652,000,000; the next largest crop—excepting only cotton—is hay, valued at \$689,000,000. Of these two crops—with the trifling exception of 37,000,000 bushels corn worth some \$25,000,000, and 52,000 tons of hay worth about \$1,000,000—all this product is consumed at home, but practically all of it is only the first form of a manufactured product, since with the exception of a small portion used for subsistence of draft animals, it is entirely used in the manufacture (the correct term) of cattle and hogs, or in the manufacture of many classes of food and liquids for mankind

thereof, adding weight to the steer and passing on, is consumed by the hog. It is asserted that the manufacture of cloth from cotton is not more accurately known in its details of costs and results than that of cattle and hogs from corn and hay.

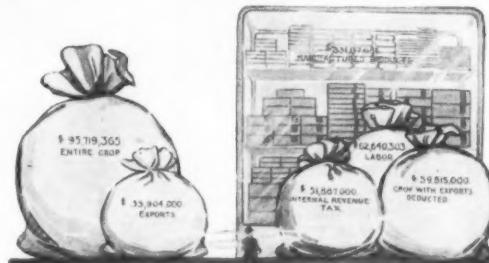
The next step of slaughtering and preparing the meats for market is really only a further manufacture of the corn and hay products. Here additional enormous payments to labor are involved, and by reason of the magnitude of the business, profits, small in percentage, become great in the aggregate. The business of four great meat firms, employing very large capital, furnished in 1909 exports of \$125,000,000.

The Persecuted Crop

PROBABLY no single industry, not even iron and steel, employs in one form or another so large a labor force and creates in the aggregate such great profits as corn and hay and their various attendant forms of manufacture, including that of cattle.

Wheat is another crop which can only be used advantageously when manufactured—namely, into flour—and with the exception of about 50,000,000 bushels for seed, all that comes to the home markets must go through the miller's hands. Even of the amount exported, close to one-half is in manufactured form. All this involves large labor expenditures and additional profit for the manufacturer above the original reward to the industry.

Nearly every year one crop or another has a battle for its life with the weather. Last year it was cotton, and cotton was sadly disabled. This year wheat was the persecuted crop. There has, in fact, been a fight with conditions this year all along the lines. The result is a "spotted" crop map—some localities showing bountiful results and others swept dry as a desert. During the spring and early summer the rain stopped falling. West, Southwest, and Northwest; but it fell almost too heavily east of the Mississippi and south of the Ohio—a continuous downpour far into July. This fickleness of the Rain God was characteristic not only of the whole country, but in separate States. In Missouri, for example, until far into August it was excessively dry in the northwestern portion, while in the southeastern it was unusually wet. In two lines of territory, lying side



Tobacco's Added Value by Manufacture

The value of the entire tobacco crop of 1909 was \$95,719,365, of which \$36,904,000 was exported. As far back as 1905 there was a capital of \$313,983,501 invested in manufactures of tobacco, employing 139,408 persons, with wages of \$62,640,303 and a value of total manufactured product of \$331,117,681. Thus, an agricultural output, having a crop value, after deducting exports, of \$59,815,000 attained, had, after paying \$62,640,303 for labor (nearly \$3,000,000 more than its original value) and \$51,887,000 for internal revenue taxation, a total value of \$331,117,681, or \$156,775,378 more than these main items of cost

(Continued on page 32)



Nowadays the farmer has a substantial barn, a good road leading to it, and well-kept grounds about his house

The Passing of the Hayseed

Science and Invention Are Making Farm Life Attractive to Men of Intelligence and Skill

THE farmer who was known as old Hayseed and the farm boy who was ashamed of his country birth are taking their place in the story of our nation rather than in the actual life of it. In 1862, in the teeth of the Civil War, our national history was illuminated with one of those flashes of inspiration that was not at the time apprehended. It was at this time that the Congress of the United States determined upon the establishment of agricultural colleges. No public land grants were ever invested in a more profitable enterprise than those that endowed this branch of industrial education and translated the agricultural vocation from a trade to a scientific profession.

Slowly but surely these institutions have effected a wide change of front in our educational growth generally. Instead of educating our boys away from the farm, they are being educated for the farm and for country thoughts and purposes. The Normal schools of several States already require the preparation of pupils in garden and orchard culture. There is no reason why we can not train a band of instructors who shall infuse our boys and girls with a love and knowledge of Nature, without losing the better part of mathematics and grammar. Our agricultural colleges, which, in 1890, were unable to gather more than a handful of students, are now thronged with thousands of the very ablest of our young men, and also of our young women. These are bringing home with them new ideas of life, and senses educated to see and comprehend what the country is made of.

It needed this evolution, in some ways a revolution, to put the land tiller into possession of what is distinctively country values—that is, the fresh air, the beautiful fields, the birds, the bees, and the landscapes; in other words, to bring these things into such relation to every-day life that the farmer could use and comprehend them. Botany, geology, entomology, and ornithology are a few of the specifically country sciences, and it needed such a readjustment of environments as should enable every farmer to understand at least the elements of these sciences.

Weeds Are No Longer Weeds

IT IS astonishing how full recent farm history has been of discovery. We have just found out that soil need never be exhausted or worn out; but may be kept fat, and made to grow fatter by the use of legumes. These legumes, including our clovers, peas, beans—and in the South, soy beans and beggarweed—are found to have been endowed by Nature with bacterial attachments, enabling them to take nitrogen directly from the air. It is almost impossible to measure the value of alfalfa in the North and of the velvet bean in the South. Twenty years ago they were unknown to our farmers; to-day they are the most marvelous of all plants for hay, for forage, for subsoilers, for winter cover crops, and to add to the humus of the soil after being plowed under. But in this story I am using words not yet quite familiar to the common reader. They indicate how thoroughly farming has become a profession.

Weeds are no longer weeds, but they are the material which Nature provides, made of the elements of the air for the most part, and offered us freely to increase the soil. Fifteen years ago beggarweed was the pest of the cotton fields; to-day it is the grandest hay producer in the Southern States. Cactus was a synonym for the most obtrusive and troublesome of plants; to-day the word stands for one of the most remarkable forage plants in the world. We are just learning that the word weed covers a vast mass of material, urgently provided by Nature to feed and fatten soil; a wonderful storage to be studied rather than despised.

Turn to the orchard, and you will learn that already twenty thousand sorts of apples have been catalogued. In my little orchard of three or four acres I grow eighty varieties. Any man in the country may fill up the whole cycle of the year

By E. P. POWELL



A Prize Cornstalk

In many of the Western and Southern States, county school boards are doing much to stimulate interest in field work by the creation of an annual boys' corn contest, awarding substantial prizes to the winner. Every youth is supplied with a small quantity of the best seed corn from the State agricultural experiment station. Conditions are that the boy must do all the work of raising his corn—with, of course, the advice of his father. The idea is to teach the boys, as a body of farmers to be, the advantage of raising the most improved kinds of corn and the greatest quantity possible to the acre. This young citizen of Kansas took first prize in his county with his small patch, as against more than a hundred others with larger patches. He had 1-4 acre crowded with these splendid stalks

with a provision of this noblest fruit ever provided for the use of man; he may have the Red Astrachan in July, and the Albemarle Pippin with the Roxbury Russet may lie in his bins until the end of the next June. Last year at my little farm at Clinton, New York, I ripened thirty-four varieties of plums; had in bearing eighteen sorts of cherries; over one hundred varieties of grapes, besides a good array of pears, from the Rostiezer in July until the Patrick Barry during the next June. In Florida, in a six-acre lot, I filled up my winter months with oranges, grapefruit, plums, pears, cherries, loquats, mulberries, peaches, grapes, and figs, while melons covered the ground in May. This is the farm life of to-day.

What can one make of this profusion, especially after adding to it honey from the bee yard, and milk and cream from the cow yard, as compared with the lot of the man who occupies a plot exactly fifty by one hundred feet; buys his fruit by the peck or quart, generally picked green, and ripened in the dust and germs of a grocer's store? But this is not all; for, better than this, the grower has the rare joy and pride of creating new things. Work is glorified, for it ends not in merely something to eat, but in something novel and suggestive of the wealth of the universe. He is a rare land owner to-day who does not either discover some new thing or create it; if nothing more he will have improved some vegetable or flower. Burbank is the ideal gentleman of the future. He is not simply the model farmer or horticulturist, but the model of the coming manhood. There is no dignity in America like that which is embodied in his work and character. He is known and honored in South Africa, in Australia, in Japan, as well as in Europe and the United States. He is not by any means alone in this high position. Mr. Munson of Denison, Texas, occupies a position of equal dignity as grape king; Professor Hansen of Iowa is nearly as well known for his importations of rare fruit, hunted by himself throughout all Asia.

Proud Country Boys

NO PORTFOLIO in the President's Cabinet is invested with greater dignity and power than that of the Secretary of Agriculture. He presides over and directs that department that guides practically our whole productive life. Under his direction there is an army of ever busy scientists scouring all lands for new fruits, vegetables and grains. Under the guidance and instruction of this department our wealth is increasing at the rate of five hundred millions every year, and enabling us not only to feed ourselves, but to get ready to feed a population fourfold what we have to-day.

Old Hayseed is dead, the country boy is once more proud of his birthright, and well he may be. A college graduate said to me lately: "I must and I will have country life and country work. The professions have lost their attraction. I hold my diploma for four years of classical study; I am now going to an agricultural college for two years more. I hold it to be a true post-graduate course. It carries me farther than the older institutions in the way of placing me in command of latest science and most vital knowledge. It not only teaches sciences, but applies it. I wish to know the world around me, and to feel that I not only can buy and sell, but can create what is bought and sold." He added that in no other way could he feel that his manhood would be brought to the front. This sentiment I know is becoming an instinct of the scholarship of the day. My young friend did wisely when he called farming a profession.

In all ways the position of the country home-maker has of late been ennobled. In politics he has become a distinct force. It is this fact that has brought about, more than anything else, the dethronement of bosses. The appeals of Governor Hughes and ex-Governor Folk have been distinctly to

the people; a return to that pure democracy which depends upon the intelligence and trained will of the land owner. Forty years ago the farmers fell easily under the control of political masters; to-day this is impossible.

A country home elevates every class of worker. The day laborer, by owning a suburban two acres, becomes a landlord; feeding his horse from one acre of alfalfa, and largely feeding his family from one acre of garden and orchard.

Feminine Farmers in Florida

THE garden is easily worth one hundred dollars per year in fresh vegetables, from asparagus and green peas to potatoes. From his orchard he gets another hundred dollars' worth of plums, cherries, pears and apples, and more from his strawberry bed.

Any clerk can do equally well by planting his family where they can help him by cultivating the soil; help him not only in the way of income, but of health and comfort. There is a distinct elevation of character from environment.

A tolerably educated mind can take possession, not only of the acres described by his deed, but he has the use of all those other acres that cover the hillsides with orchards and homesteads, and fill the

valleys about him with gardens and meadows. Emerson tells us:

*"One harvest from your field,
Homeward brought your oxen strong;
Another crop your acres yield,
Which I gather in a song."*

The movement countryward has become facile for woman as well as man. I have for a neighbor in Florida the art teacher of the schools of a large city; a lady of resolute will, who has bought ten acres of fruit and a house of moderate cost. As she can not occupy it all the year she opens it to lady friends. These women raise fruit, chickens and eggs for market, pay their own bills, reap a good harvest of health, fun, and comfort, as well as cash. Bee keeping is equally possible, and general farming is not impossible for women. The interregnum of the woman whose only idea of life was to be cared for is happily passing away for a new sort of woman who can cultivate a garden, pitch hay when needed, and pack her own oranges or apples for market.

This sentiment is fortunately growing. Our boys are looking more and more toward the country. Within the last three months I have had applications from both Harvard and Princeton graduates to give

them a few months of home training and experience in my gardens and orchards. Home-keeping clubs and garden clubs and orchard clubs are becoming common among the young women, led by graduates of our agricultural colleges. Our newer theology is coming into line with economics. Eugenics is the newest of the sciences. It means better environments for the next generation; more flowers, birds, fruits, and landscapes; with freedom from evil associations. Slums must be abolished; inequalities rounded up.

Could Feed 600,000,000 People

THERE is available food enough in this world to feed one hundred hundred millions, instead of the fifteen hundred millions now on earth. In the United States we must double our producers in proportion to our consumers before 1950. With eighteen hundred millions of acres, tilled as they may be now, intensively and scientifically, we should be easily able to house and feed six hundred millions of people, instead of less than one hundred millions, as at present. The rest of the States will soon imitate Missouri, and the rest of the Governors follow Governor Hadley, who has inaugurated a general and systematic State-wide movement back to the land. The farm home is fast becoming the ideal home in the broad and beautiful domain of these United States.

When Reuben Gets the Ax

If the Farmers Should Ever Develop Cooperation They Could Practically Govern All Industry

By HERBERT QUICK

he finally got the *Morganissimus giganteus* in focus, he would exclaim: "Wa-al! I snum! That little cuss!"

And yet, the real tug-of-war would be between the big fellow and the man under the microscope slide, rather than with any of the giants in whom the other occupations should be embodied—some of whom might be able to reach to his knees. For the man under the slide would have control of the railways, the mines, the wharves and docks, the banks and trust companies, the iron and steel and oil and copper and agricultural machinery, the strategic sites in cities and canons and power lands, the lumber and coal, and almost everything except the lands of the farmer. He would be in control of the government, and through the government, of the army and navy.

When the Farmers Started a Bank

HE WOULD be on golf-playing terms with the integrated Judge, who would hear all controversies. On Michigan Boulevard the Impending Farmer is felt as a Presenee. But one needs must go to Freeport or Marshalltown or Plattsburgh to get the sense of his potency. In New York or Chicago the spirit is bowed before the might of a Rockefeller or a Morgan; but in Rensselaer, Iowa, or Laurel, Nebraska, the farmer is monarch of all he surveys, Morgan is only a name, and Rockefeller a symbol.

In a little town of Northwestern Missouri some fifteen years ago, a dozen farmers or so, having money in bank which was not working, deemed it a fine idea to start a bank of their own. There was no trouble about the capital—they had it. The banks in which it was deposited felt the farmers' financial power, when forty thousand dollars were drawn out and put in the vaults of the new concern. A verdant young man, son of one of the incorporators, was made cashier and managing officer; and, trusting in his business college training, the bucolic financiers went back to their corn-fields and feed-lots.

The event is worth remembering. It is tragic and points a moral. A boomer from a booming town came along the day after the bank was opened. It seemed to him that the forty thousand dollars in that brand new bank might be useful; so he gave a mortgage on a house he was building, and one thing and another—and he got the money. The business college graduate mounted his horse and rode out to inform the farmers that he was pleased to report that he had loaned all that money, and wouldn't they please pay in some more! The old banks breathed easier. The money was mostly lost, and the farmers shown to be unfitted for the banking business. It was felt to be a narrow escape. If they had made it pay, the farmers of that part of the country were and are strong enough financially to gobble the banking business as a duck gobbles corn. Yet they may some day come to do just this.

The Bell Telephone Company in the farming regions of the West make no effort to maintain exchanges in small towns. This is not because these exchanges can not be made to pay, but because they



"Well, the middleman can always produce, can't he?"

are afraid of the farmers. The farm lines come converging in on all roads, and demand connections and arrangements that the octopus has rules against. On being refused what they want, the farmers put in a town exchange of their own. Immediately the "trust" exchange becomes a thing anathema and tabu. No merchant will have anything but a farmer's phone in his store. The farmers terrorize the village with the possibility of their displeasure; and one of these days the old Bell exchange is closed, and the farmers have the business all to themselves. So powerful are the farmers where they know their strength.

In Greene County, Iowa, a "home" telephone system built lines along almost every public road in the county. After a while the farmers made up their minds that this company was becoming trustified, and began building their own lines parallel with the ones with which they had so recently been identified. At last accounts the second movement had also spread to the county limits, and almost every country road had its telephone line on both sides. A waste of capital—of course; but the farmers when they made up their minds they wanted a thing, being united, got it—and then got it the second time. It was their own money, and they spent it as they pleased.

The Truth About Reuben's Automobile

A GOOD deal of nonsense has been written about it—caused by the grangers of the West borrowing money for the purpose of buying automobiles. That they have bought many thousands of automobiles is quite true. As this is written the news comes in of Colonel Roosevelt's visit to Sioux Falls, South Da-

Under the Farmer's Microscope

THE city is still the magnet, in spite of the cry of "Back to the land!" and the new fad for country life. As long as cows have to be milked at inconvenient hours, and vegetables started to market before dawn; while earth is muddy and manure smelly; while bowing down for hours make the back ache; and while man remains a gregarious animal, the back-to-the-landers have their work cut out for them.

Physically, it would be interesting to see the merger of all farmers take the financier—who can without much difficulty be imagined as merged

place him under a microscope slide, and study him. For the consolidated denizen of Wall Street would, in such a world, be microscopic or ultra-microscopic. Greater Reuben would look on him with something of the fearful respect with which we examine the bacillus of cholera or bubonic plague. He would squeeze his eyelids together, shift the light, peer through the eyepiece, and when



"Wa-al! I snum! That little cuss!"

(Continued on page 26)

IRENE OF TREBIZOND

A STORY IN THREE PARTS

By Justus Miles Forman

PART III

THE wedding of Basilius, Faithful Emperor of the Romans, Emperor and Autocrat of all the East, Iberia and Perateia, with Irene (no titles to give here, alas!) was celebrated in the metropolitan church of the Panagia Theotocos with all the pomp and splendor and circumstance that the modern Byzantine mind could compass—and in these matters we gave ourselves great airs. The Imperial party went down from the palace through streets lined with soldiers and gay with banners. The union was blessed aloud by the Patriarch and ardently cursed in the silence of his soul by that same outraged old gentleman. The woman who had gone into the beautiful little church nameless, without honors save in the hearts of grateful folk, came out of it an Empress to whom all must touch head to earth. Yet chroniclers who were present wrote that she entered with head high and queenly, but came out bowed, with eyes upon the ground.

So amid cheers and waving banners they rode back to the palace. There was, of course, an advance guard of the Scholarioi, then musicians, and a troupe of girls in antique Greek garb who scattered flowers along the way. After a little space rode Basil upon a white horse led by pages. He was in cloth of gold and robes of ceremony, the crown upon his head, the Imperial eagles upon his mantle, the scepter and sphere in his hands. He was white and ill, and more than once he swayed weakly in the saddle, for he had risen from a sick-bed and was returning to it.

Behind him, upon another white horse, the Empress Irene sat, crowned. As has been said, she was white too—a woman moving in a dream, with sad eyes afar. I think that she looked down a wearisome future and saw only duties and dangers there; and by this solemn ceremony she was sealed to the duties and dangers forever—so far as human eyes could see upon that day.

Behind her rode the great state officers, led by myself as Grand Domestikos, and the nobles of the realm. At the end of the cortège went a rearguard also of the Scholarioi, and David Sampson commanded it.

On the crowded housetops people shouted and waved: from the windows and balconies all along the line of march they had hung their choicest rugs and Genoese velvets. It was a march through an echoing lane of splendor, but the Emperor drooped low in his jeweled saddle, and the Empress stared before her absent and unseeing.

Once when they had turned the last corner and were near the palace gates Basil roused himself and asked: "What is that?" as a dull, crashing roar sounded behind them, and Irene answered him:

"It is the people shouting in chorus, I think. They make a

terrific noise." Later she learned that the front wall of a house had fallen into the street and killed several soldiers of the rear-guard.

"I knew they would try something," I told her. "I knew it. It was a good plan, too, but badly executed. It's not an easy matter to make a wall fall into the street at just the right moment."

Irene shook her head at me, and her eyes were dark and shadowy.

"At least they can do no more for the present," said she. "We are safe within the citadel now, and they can not storm that." She tried to smile at me, but I was downhearted that day. I said:

"I will tell you something more, Ma'm. Varna was seen in the city this morning. Two of my spies recognized her. She was dressed as a market woman. I am having the place combed from St. Eugenios to the sea. If we can take her now we are safe, for she has broken faith by leaving Limnia and she can be imprisoned in the citadel. If only we can

SYNOPSIS OF THE PRECEDING INSTALMENTS

DAVID SAMPSON, of both English and Byzantine descent, and nephew of the Grand Domestikos of Trebizond—who tells the story—resigns his commission in the Imperial Army, and pleads with Irene, the beautiful Georgian, to leave the country with him. Irene delays her answer, however, and falls under the eye of the Emperor Basil at the polo field. She does not make obeisance with the multitude, but stands upright and looks him fearlessly in the eye. That night when David returns for her answer Irene is curiously changed. In the course of the interview the Emperor himself comes to her salon, and she conceals David behind a hanging. As Basil is begging Irene to come with him, the Empress Varna breaks in upon them. One of her soldiers raises his sword to kill them when David Sampson rattles his accoutrements to represent a guard, and steps through the curtain with a drawn sword. The conspirators slink away, and David, breaking his sword upon his knee, bids Irene farewell. He leaves the country, and Irene, for the preservation of the diseased old empire, bears a son to Basil. Preparations are under way for her formal marriage to the Emperor, but in the maze of fear in which she lives Irene writes to David to come back to her as a protecting friend. She learns of his return to Trebizond just after she finishes the letter.

take her we can end all this plotting and scheming forever. If not—well, I don't like the look of things in the city. There's an uneasiness in the air. I don't like it." I went away from her grumbling, and the Empress watched me out of sight.

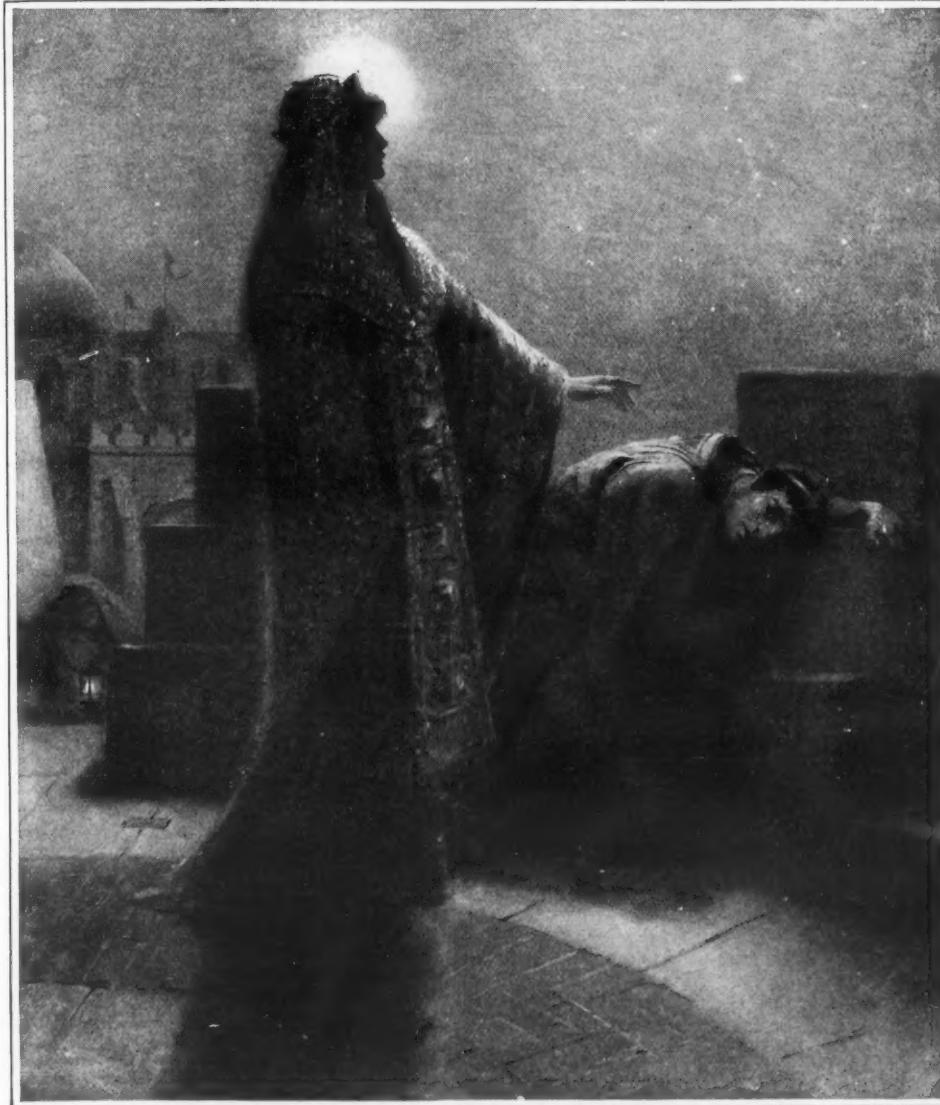
But late that night it seems she climbed to a certain tower top of the palace, above the ramparts of the citadel, and walked there alone in the starlight. And after a time she called a servant and sent for

David Sampson to come to her.

It was warm, for there was a land breeze from the southeast that brought a faint odor of pine from the groves about and above her villa in the hills. Beneath her the city was feasting and making holiday. From where she stood she could see the many lights in the streets and open squares; and now and then bursts of shouting or song, or a blare of musical instruments mounted faintly to her ear. To the north the sea slept dark and still; she could see the riding lights of the vessels in the Daphnous harbor. They were merrymaking in the palace, too, and at times she heard music from there, but in the imperial quarters all was very still, for the Emperor lay in his great chamber and slept the sleep of sheer exhaustion—a wax figure of a man, gaunt and yellowish white, with sunken cheeks. Irene had sat beside him until he fell asleep, and he had complained of being cold and of a fluttering pain in his breast. His Arab physician had been at him again, blood-letting!—"Le Moyen Age Dans Nos Jours."

My nephew, David Sampson, mounted the tower stair and found his Empress under the pale starlight. He would have made the obeisance, but she would not suffer him.

"Spare me that, at least, David!" she said. "I have had enough of pomps and vanities this day. I am



The poor lad on the tower-top and the Empress—"David," she said, "you must do me a last service"

sick of them." She went to a cushioned bench that was there and sat upon it, leaning back against the rough stone of the parapet behind.

"Oh, have patience with me," said she, "if I am strange and a little mad to-night. I seem to have borne all I could bear and I am like a tired child who is too tired to sleep. . . . Something weighs upon me. I'm full of foreboding—dread—but I don't know of what."



HE leaned forward a little toward him, dim and vaguely white in the starlight. My nephew says that she seemed to him in that hour rather a spirit out of the past than living woman. There was a spell of unreality upon them both, and though they did not know it, they both spoke in hushed voices, half whispering, as people often do in the dark.

"This is the first time, David, that we have spoken together alone," said the Empress, "since your return."

He answered: "Yes, your Majesty," but the Empress cried out upon him:

"Oh, David, David, not that! Have I not said I was sick of the pomps of this day?"

"There is," said he unsteadily, "another name, but I mayn't call you that." And she said in a whisper: "No! No!" And there came a silence between them.

"Do you find me changed, my friend?" she asked when that was done.

"Yes," said he. "You are changed. There have been trouble and care and great responsibility. They have changed you. It is in your face. Something that was there is gone now forever, and something else has come in its place."

But abruptly at that there stirred in her a little flash of what she had been.

"In short, I have grown old and plain!" she said, and David Sampson laughed.

"No. You are more beautiful than before. . . . And I hadn't thought that possible." He saw the Empress's hands move quickly where they lay before her, but she did not speak, and again there fell between them a silence. Again it was the Empress who at length broke it:

"You are right, David, there has been much to change me. I told you that in my letter, didn't I? Was it absurd of me to send you my letter when you were already returned?"

"No, it was kind," said David Sampson.

"There has been much," she said. "And there will be more; for, now, after this day, I am committed to it all beyond any returning. It's odd, is it not, that I should feel so much more bound to my treadmill than before? A mere ceremony! I was bound before, but now I feel my shackles so very heavy upon me!" She looked up to where he stood before her as if she searched his face, but it was very dim in that half light—a pallid blur with inky shadows for eyes.

"What have you done, David, in these three long years?" she asked. "How have you passed your time while I was ministering to a sick empire?" And my nephew gave a little bitter laugh.

"I have sat idle," said he. "Idle! I have stood by and looked on while a woman saved my country." But she checked him with a cry:

"Oh, David! David! That's unworthy of you, David. That is like a child. Have I forgotten, do you think, what you did before you went? You saved the Empire then. You saved the Emperor's life and mine, for Varna would surely have killed us. I saw her eyes and there was murder in them. She would have killed us and seized the throne, and there would have been civil war."

"It was a trick," said he, "a miserable trick: a buffoon's trick."

"Yet it saved the Empire," said Irene; "so never say you have done nothing. . . . Don't hurt me, David!"

She rose to her feet and went with slow steps across the tower-top, and she leaned upon the parapet there looking down. Below her the southern extremity of the fortification stretched out in a sharp angle like the prow of a ship—at its point the land-gate and, beyond, the tzoukanisterion. She could see a sentinel pacing his beat upon the ramparts, and presently it was his hour and another came to relieve him. She lifted her face to the warm, fresh wind and closed her eyes under its caress.

"Smell the pine!" she whispered. "Smell the pine! Are there pines in your country? There must be, I think."

Away to the east whence came that pine-laden air a rack of thin cloud was beginning to mount, and the late moon rose behind it, making it beautiful with silver.

"See, the moon!" cried the Empress Irene. "It's rising over my hills, David—over Kamakh: over Georgia, where I was born—the cup in the mountains—Ah, to see my mountains again with the

snow on them, the white everlasting snow! I want to see Kasbek again. I want to see the snows turn pink and lavender and pearl at sunset. Oh, David, I'm all at once very sick for home!"

She turned with a restless movement to the opposite side of the tower and stared down upon the city.

"They are holiday-making down there," she said. "They are feasting and drinking and dancing dances and singing songs because to-day I was made Empress. See the lights! Listen, and sometimes you will hear the people sing." She gave a sudden shiver.

"And yet, there are many who are not holiday-making. Look over beyond, below the hill where the Italians live and the poorer Greeks and the other foreigners. It's all dark and silent there, but they are not asleep. And somewhere Varna is planning and plotting and spreading discontent. It's in the air. I can feel it. It's like a cold breath that comes up to me. . . . I'm afraid."

"Oh, this city!" she cried, gripping her strong little hands upon the stone of the parapet, and staring down upon Trebizond. "This beautiful, lying, treacherous city! It's a poison-flower, David. I am afraid of it. The longer I know it, the longer I see its false, smiling face, the more I distrust it and fear it. You have said, and I have said, that these evil emperors—murderers and fraticides in high place—were the curse of the realm, but I tell you they are not all. The curse is upon everything. The people are cursed with the same taint of darkness and treachery. For three years they have had peace and fair dealing and safety. They know well that so long as Basil lives—so long as I live and my son after me—they will have it still. Yet down there to-night they are hiding in the dark and plotting, plotting.

"Ah, this smiling, treacherous, ungrateful city! I am beginning to hate it, David! Hate it with a bitter hatred because I am chained to it for good or evil with golden chains."

She turned back to him passionately.

"When I think of this to which I am bound," said she in a low, bitter voice, "and think then of that branching of the road three years ago, I could go mad for grief and pain.

"David," she cried, "I look out of my prison window and see the sweet freedom of this world. I see the life you and I might have led there—the life I might have had, but threw away because I didn't know. Oh, believe me, I didn't know!" She covered her face.

"Don't listen to me! I'm mad to-night. Go and leave me alone. I'm quite, quite mad. I can see nothing but the sunlight through prison bars and I think my heart is broken."

She spoke in a gasping whisper with breaks between the words, but David Sampson gave a great cry and turned blindly from her as one who is tried beyond all bearing. He went to the far side of the tower and laid his arms upon the parapet there and hid his face in them.

Behind him he may have heard the woman's hard-wrung sobs, or it may be that the thunderous beating of great pulses in his ears was too loud—drowned all else. I do not know. Each of the two has spoken to me of that hour since, but each shyly, with something like a retrospective terror. It is a scene not easy to reconstruct.

And yet it is not difficult to imagine. I see that poor lad on one side of the tower-top in the starlit darkness, gripping the stone of the battlements, fighting his good fight for reason and self-control. And over against him I see the Empress, a woman pierced at last to the very heart, wrung intolerably by bitter grief, adrift, tempest-tossed upon new and terrible seas—uncharted in her experience. I see her breathless and aghast before the revelation of what love can work upon body and soul.



UT after a long time she roused herself and spoke. My nephew says that her voice seemed to speak out of utter bodily and spiritual exhaustion. She said:

"David, you must do me a last service. Shall I be always asking services of you, I wonder? You must forget—put altogether out of your mind what I've said.

I warned you that I was quite mad to-night. It was true. Mad, mad! I want you to understand that I regret nothing—that I'm contented with what has happened. I've done what I could—some harm, a little—much good. I shall go on doing my work. I shall be contented with it, proud in it. You must forget everything else that I have said. Promise me!" She said still more in this vein, talked on in her weary voice, but the voice presently stopped and at last died away. She became aware that David was not listening.

Close upon that she saw him turn and come toward her across the tower-top, moving slowly, his arms held out, stiff and strained, at a slight angle from his sides, his face upturned to the stars. A man in the grip of forces gigantic, irresistible.

She sprang to her feet, it seems, with a single frightened sound—stood staring and a-tremble—afterward began again to sob without tears.

It seems he came so near that she heard his hard breathing, blindly put out her two hands to thrust him away—but that he was not yet within arm's length.

The few seconds of time seemed, I dare say, endless, an unmeasured fragment of measureless eternity. Such moments are so.

There came a cry, loud but smothered, from somewhere near at hand—a cry lost in the darkness, and the intolerable strain which was between these two on the tower-top broke like the snapping of a cord.

The cry came again, nearer, and then the sound of running, pattering feet upon the stone steps of the tower stair. A woman, one of Irene's Georgians, burst out into the darkness, stumbled there, fell and was up again, sobbing and chattering. My nephew ran to her and caught her by the arm. She began to scream aloud, but he shook her, staring down into her face in the half light, and at last she was still.

He found Irene beside him, her hand gripped upon his arm. She spoke to the woman in their own tongue and the Georgian began to sob again.

She cried:

"The Emperor! The Emperor!" And when she could control her voice:

"They have broken in—the old stairway—they are killing him. They are killing the Emperor!"

For one terrible moment the two stood upright over the Georgian woman's crouched form, staring each into the other's eyes. Then without a word they began to run together down the winding stair, and the Georgian woman ran after them. Half-way down the Empress said:

"Hold my hand, David! I am dizzy." So, as they went swiftly on, he held her with his steady grasp. And near the bottom she spoke once more:

"Let me go ahead; you don't know the way!"



HEY turned sharply to the right and ran through a long corridor, thence into a chamber and through that, through another still, and so, between hangings of velvet, into a wide room, high-ceiled, hung with woven stuffs, lighted very dimly by little silver lamps overhead. My nephew held his naked sword in his hand, and, as they reached the chamber, he pushed past the Empress and so entered first. But, once inside, he halted to take, as it were, his bearings, and Irene halted with him. He heard her sharp-drawn breath beside, and felt her hand upon his arm. Behind them the Georgian woman began again to weep with long, gasping sobs.

There was a high-canopied bed at one side of the vast chamber. The silk draperies, embroidered along their border with Imperial eagles, were dragged apart, and the bed was empty, but against the side of it half-leaned and half-lay a tall man, clad only in a thin silk shirt which hung to his ankles. The man's left sleeve was streaked with red. David Sampson looked once there and then turned his quick gaze across the room. Upon the floor, under one of the little hanging silver lamps, lay two still figures, huddled and awry—dead men. Weapons lay near them, and the blade of one weapon shone wet in the lamplight, a dull gleam of scarlet. Beyond a little space lay another figure also huddled, but not quite still, for it twisted slightly as it lay, and the fingers of one hand curled and uncurled rather horribly. Beyond this thing was a strange group.

Against the tapestried wall a woman stood motionless, her head thrown back, her eyes fixed and open, her two arms outflung at right angles to her body, in the attitude of crucifixion. Before and over her, as motionless as she, towered the gigantic black eunuch of the Imperial bedchamber, the hideous being who was said never to sleep either by night or day—certainly he never slept by night—and the point of his curved sword lay against the woman's breast and pressed there lightly, and he watched in silence.

Irene, with a low cry, ran to where the Emperor leaned against the edge of his canopied bed, but David Sampson crossed the room. The black giant rolled his eyes upon him and nodded without a word. He did not stir the point of his curved sword by so much as a hair's breadth. My nephew bent forward, peering through the dim light, and the woman against the wall was the ex-Empress Varna. He was aware of steps behind him and turned to look. It was not Irene; it was the Georgian woman. She pressed close and spoke in his ear, quickly and clearly without further sobbing.

"They came by the old stairway that is walled up at the top," she said in a whisper. "They must have climbed out through a window there and along a ledge, and then in through the window that is in the closet yonder. The three rushed in together and she behind them. Rustan could not kill them all before one had attacked the Emperor. I ran to the tower



"The Emperor is dead. Irene reigns!"

while they were fighting. Is the Emperor dead? Oh, is the Emperor dead?" He thought she was going to begin weeping once more, and he caught her by the shoulders and shook her as one might shake a child, whispering:

"Be still! Be still! The Emperor is alive. We can save him now if we make no mistakes. Tell me all you know quickly! Where is the guard? There must be a guard outside the door of this room."

"It is in the long corridor beyond the anteroom," said the Georgian woman. "The Emperor would not have it nearer. The soldiers made too much noise."

David Sampson started across the chamber, but halted half-way and at last returned.

What if the guard were in the plot too? As he stood there thinking, Irene came toward him, and he turned to her.

"Is he hurt?"

"A wound in the arm," she said. "It is not serious, but he is badly frightened. He hardly knew me. He is in a sort of daze of fear. What shall we do, David?" She looked toward the farther side of the chamber, and he said: "It is Varna, of course."

Abruptly he said: "Give me the scarf that you have about your neck."

And she took it off and put it into his hands, wondering. He turned back to the woman who stood against the wall, and, with the scarf, bound her arms together behind her. He motioned the black giant to stand aside, and the man did so, but he moved only a little way, and he still held the curved sword ready in his hand. My nephew found him-

self wondering why the eunuch had not finished his slaughter, and he decided that he had been a little afraid to kill this woman without orders. After all, she had been an Empress.

David took a knife from his belt and moved a little nearer. The Kurdish woman's eyes gazed into his without tremor or expression.

Now, it is a truth well known among people who have lived amid scenes of bloodshed—hand-to-hand fighting, violence and brutality—that even in the best of men standards have a tendency to slacken. The sight and scent of blood rouse primitive instincts. One hardens. My nephew, David Sampson, is as fine a lad, I think, as ever lived in this world, but he has told me that on that instant when he stood, knife in hand, before Varna, late Empress of Trebizon, it was hard for him to remember that she was a woman—very hard to stay his hand. He said to her:

"If you care to live, tell me the truth now." And when she made no answer:

"I am going to kill you slowly and by torture unless you tell me what I wish to know. Take your choice." I think he looked very grim just then.

The woman's lips stirred a little and a slow shudder ran over her from head to foot. She had seen people tortured and she knew, better than David Sampson knew, the full horror of it.

"What do you—want to know?" she whispered at last.

"Are there more men waiting outside that window?" said he. The woman's eyes closed and she

was still, but he set one hand about her throat and raised the knife with the other. He laid the cold blade against her cheek, and the woman gave a gasping cry.

"There are four—more," said she. She wore a scarf not unlike that of the Empress round her shoulders. He forced one end of it into her mouth and bound it so that it was securely gagged. Then he left her there against the wall, and, turning, spoke in the ear of the gigantic eunuch. The fellow grinned and nodded, and he raised his curved sword above his head and stretched himself. He loomed mountainous in that half-gloom, tremendous, unreal, the hideous ogre of an evil dream. David gave a sudden exclamation as he looked up to him, for the eunuch had been wounded in a score of places. His breast and his prodigious gnarled arms were wet with blood, but he grinned, the wide, delighted grin of a pleased child, and stretched himself until the great muscles cracked like cracking wood.

The Empress stood near and David spoke to her. "You must help me now, Irene. We must take all these men as quietly as possible and without alarming the guard. You must stand at the door of the closet yonder and let them in, pretending to be Varna. They can't see you well in the dark."

"I will do it," she said. "Come!" And the three went at once across to the closet door. They opened it, and there was no one inside, but the window, shoulder high above the floor, was open, and the Empress thrust her hand out and beckoned. Then they retreated once more within the chamber. Irene

(Continued on page 34)

The New Era in Wheat

The Shortage of the World's Grain Supply, and the Introduction of Dry-Farming

WE HAVE almost reached a point where, owing to increased population without increased production per acre, our home food supply will be insufficient for our needs. Within ten years we are likely to become a wheat-importing nation. There never has yet been an enhanced cost of living due to agricultural decline that did not end in national disaster."

When James J. Hill first forecasted the new era in wheat, his prophecies were greeted with hoots of derision. What has happened? Last year one of the largest wheat crops ever known in America was harvested. Yet last year wheat reserves fell so low that wheat had to be shipped back from East to West; and for the first time in the history of America, during peace, wheat had to be imported from Argentina.

If this unusual condition occurred following one of the largest wheat crops known, what is going to happen during a year when the wheat crop is small?

This year, at time of writing, it is predicted that the wheat crop of the United States will be about 650,000,000 bushels, as compared with 740,000,000 bushels last year. Looks as if Hill's predictions were being verified, doesn't it?

While averages have been shrinking and population growing, a new world factor has come into the wheat gamble—the average number of bushels of wheat used per head by the wheat eaters of the world has increased. It used to be four. When Sir William Crookes computed his tables on the wheat eaters of the world ten years ago, he placed the average at four and a half. To-day, according to Mr. Hill, it is almost seven.

There are more wheat eaters to-day than ever before in the world, and these wheat eaters are using more white bread than ever before. Formerly, maize was used in America, black bread in Europe; and this average of seven bushels does not take into account the opening wheat trade to the Orient.

The Mirth of Wall Street

IN 1871 there were 371,000,000 wheat eaters in the world using four bushels a head. In 1901 there were 536,000,000 using almost six bushels. In 1910 there are 600,000,000 needing seven bushels a head. Now only three and a third billion bushels are raised in all the world. Here in 1910 is a shortage of a billion bushels. What happens? A shrinking loaf! High prices! A great many people going without their quota of seven bushels. The cost of living up all round!

In 1899 Sir William Crookes predicted just what has happened. People laughed. Crookes was a scientist and a theorist. Farmers were living who could tell Crookes of days not so long ago when wheat went begging at forty and fifty cents a bushel and it did not pay to harvest an average crop at that figure. Then Hill, the big, practical man, began to pipe a similar prophecy. The Street laughed. Wall Street guessed that Hill wanted more freight to haul. Wall Street was quite right. He did; and the hundred million wheat eaters who can not afford the price for their seven bushels per head want the same.

To all predictions of a wheat shortage, of a new era of high prices in wheat, two or three stock answers have been given.

Canada's wheat lands were opening up. They were limitless, and would supply the deficiency for centuries.

Between the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi lay a vast area of semi-arid lands not susceptible to irrigation, but perfectly fitted for durum wheat by the new methods of dry farming.

Just as soon as wheat reached a dollar a bushel, farmers would grow wheat instead of corn and stock.

At a pinch, if whipped to it by starvation, Uncle Sam could reform his methods and by scientific culture grow three bushels where to-day he is growing only one.

These are the remedies for the supposed deficiency. Meanwhile, the deficiency has arrived. What about the remedies?

Canada's wheat fields may be regarded as the three Western Provinces—Manitoba, Saskatchewan,

By AGNES C. LAUT

and Alberta. The other Provinces raise wheat, but not for export. The three Western Provinces are vast regions, in area each larger than France; but all the area is not suitable for wheat. None of Manitoba's new boundaries, stretching from Lake Winnipeg to Hudson Bay, is suitable for wheat. Her wheat-growing area is within the old bounds, south and west of Lake Winnipeg. The same of Saskatchewan and Alberta—when you go seventy miles north of Saskatchewan River, you are beyond the wheat-growing soil.

The climate is all right. Twenty hours of sunlight for three months will grow quicker, better, harder, whiter wheat than twelve hours of sunlight for six months in a mild climate. This has been actually proved. Soft Kansas wheat grown on Peace River changed into A1 hard. But seventy miles north of Saskatchewan River arable soil does not

lands which can never be irrigated, owing either to remoteness from water or height above ditch-line. Already from 50,000,000 to 70,000,000 bushels of drought-resistant durum wheat are grown on this area; but two or three things must be remembered about the dry farm areas. First of all, it is going to take twenty years to get the settlers on the semi-arid lands and to train them to success from the new methods. Meanwhile, the deficiency is on the increase. In the second place, not all the semi-arid area is wheat land. As far as I could gather, only about 50,000,000 acres are so classified. Now, dry farming presupposes that you cultivate only half your farm each year. That is why dry land homesteads are placed at 320 acres when other homesteads are 160. You must keep half the farm plowed up each summer to prepare a storage bed for the winter rains. The principle of dry farming is to store water in an eight or ten inch blanket of finely pulverized, hard-rolled upper dust instead of a reservoir. Next year you will grow your crop

from that stored moisture; but your system cuts the area in half for growing purposes; and for wheat production, the dry farm region comes down to 25,000,000 acres. While experts like Campbell of Nebraska, who developed the system, get big averages, the general dry-land farmer does not get big averages. Low averages for 25,000,000 acres will not supply the billion-bushel world deficiency.

When the price goes to one dollar a bushel, will farmers raise more wheat? Mr. Wilson infers they will. Mr. Hill infers they will not. Years ago, when beef went begging at any price, farmers would have turned to wheat at one dollar; but beef does not go begging any more. Neither does corn. With present prices for corn and beef, farmers can make more with less risk by raising corn and selling it as beef than by raising wheat even at one dollar a bushel.

Raising Three Bushels in Place of One

IF UNCLE SAM were driven to it by starvation, he could reform his methods by scientific culture and raise three bushels where he now raises one. That is true; and if he raised 2,000,000,000 bushels instead of 700,000,000, he could wipe out the deficiency in a single year; but, unfortunately, scientific methods are not worked in the twinkling of an eye or in a single year.

Like all paths of penitence, scientific reforms are a long, hard road. *It took England forty years to bring her average up from eleven to thirty-four.* In Germany, in one section, it took eighty years to raise the average by improved methods from eighteen to forty-five bushels to the acre; in another section near Leipsic, it took eighty years to raise the average from sixteen to thirty-six. If it took America eighty years to raise her average from the bottom of the list of wheat-growing countries, one trembles to think what the deficiency might have grown to. In the last twenty years American averages have moved up two bushels; but at that ten-year rate for each bushel, there is no immediate danger of the bottom falling from the prices of wheat.

Of course, some world-factor may come in that neither the scientist like Crookes nor the financier like Hill can foresee. Suppose some great wheat country like Russia, which supplies one-sixth of the world's three billion growth, or India, which supplies one-tenth—supposing one of these sleeping wheat empires should suddenly waken up to scientific methods—what would happen?

For instance, the temporary drop in wheat prices for the spring of 1910 resulted from Russia having bigger reserves than had been reported. The weak point of the suggestion is the word *suddenly*. There is not such a thing as reforming bad methods *suddenly*; but if those wheat empires should waken up—what would happen? What might happen to prices Mr. Carleton did not tell me; but one can guess Uncle Sam would have to hustle to get those reform demonstration wheat farms conducted in every wheat county as Knapp conducts cotton farms in the South. That is—Uncle Sam would have to hustle or his family would go hungry; and hunger means mob; and mob means plunder—revolution—what Hill calls "National Disaster."



Dry-grown Silver King wheat raised at a United States experiment farm

exist except in isolated patches. There exist only muskeg and rock. On the western side of Alberta, the line of wheat limit swerves up to Peace River; but Peace River is not all a wheat soil. The wheat sections exist interspersed with sand and rock. I have been over all this wheat country except Peace River many times; and I have the account of Peace River from the Government man who was sent in to report. You may take it that Canada's wheat area runs from seventy miles north of the Saskatchewan River to the international boundary. No recent census has been taken of these Provinces, but the next enumeration will probably show a population of about 2,000,000 in the Canadian wheat area. With a population of 2,000,000, Minnesota turns out something under 100,000,000 bushels of wheat a year. With a population of 2,000,000, the three Canadian Provinces are exporting something under 120,000,000 bushels a year. Suppose in twenty years each Province has 2,000,000 people, and each turns out 100,000,000 bushels of wheat for export, that will be 300,000,000 of a supply for the billion deficiency; but in twenty years, Sir William Crookes declares, the population of bread eaters will have increased to 750,000,000, and the shortage will no longer be one billion, but two billions; so that the Canadian granary will not supply more than one-sixth of the deficiency.

Dry farming is past the experimental stage and promises to convert into wheat plains the semi-arid

Comment on Congress

By MARK SULLIVAN



The Score

SUBSTANTIALLY all the party primaries and conventions have now been held, and it is possible to sum up the progress of the Insurgent movement. Omitting Democratic States entirely, the following are the Republican States in which the Insurgents are completely in control. The classification is made on the basis of party primaries or conventions held during the past six months:

CALIFORNIA	KANSAS	MINNESOTA
OREGON	SOUTH DAKOTA	WISCONSIN
WASHINGTON	NORTH DAKOTA	MICHIGAN
IDAHO	IOWA	NEW HAMPSHIRE

All these States have had primary elections in which the issue was squarely Insurgent versus Standpatter, and the Insurgents have won; all of them have nominated Insurgent Republicans either for Governor or for United States Senator, or they have nominated Insurgent Congressional delegations, or adopted Insurgent party platforms. In addition to these, Indiana, although it is now a Democratic State, is completely dominated, so far as the Republican Party is concerned, by the Insurgent Senator, Beveridge. Moreover, many Standpatter or Democratic States, like Ohio and Nebraska, have nominated Insurgents for Congress in some districts. In this classification, the benefit of every doubt has been given to the Standpatters: For example, there is little question that New York and Massachusetts, so far as they are not Democratic, are Insurgent. The history of political parties in the United States does not show a parallel to the rapid growth of the Insurgent movement. The word Insurgent was first used as the name of a political faction less than two years ago, and the first vote cast by a group of men acting as a body under that name was recorded on March 15, 1909. Today, the Insurgents dominate the Republican Party in the country. It is an impressive demonstration of the power of ideas.

Why?

EVERY Republican State west of the Mississippi River is strongly Insurgent except these:

COLORADO UTAH MONTANA WYOMING



Down to the mummy-vaults

Wherein do the people of these States differ from their neighbors in Kansas, California, Oregon, and the Dakotas? Will such persons or papers in these States as give thought to such matters let us know?

Predictions

IN CONNECTION with the recent Democratic victory in Maine, there is interest in looking back to the following paragraphs which were printed in *COLLIER'S* as long ago as June 11:

"Some months ago a conspicuous Republican officeholder of high rank and long service asked the writer of this paragraph to take out his note-book and write down these predictions of election results next fall:

"Ohio, Democratic by 75,000. Illinois, Democratic by 75,000. New York, Democratic whether Hughes should run for Governor or not. Massachusetts, Democratic. Maine, Democratic unless Hale should retire.

"Since these predictions were made, Hale has retired and Hughes has accepted an appointment to the Supreme Bench. In no other respect have conditions changed. The man who made this prophecy has been a wheel-horse for the Republican Party in the last four Presidential campaigns."

Bailey and Texas

IT IS strange to find Senator Bailey in control of the dominant political party in Texas. The situation is full of surprises and anomalies. For example, about three weeks ago, the Texas Legislature, being then in session, some one introduced a resolution condemning the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill. The Bailey men immediately opposed the resolution as "an unhandy slap at Senator Bailey"—the words were used by a Bailey orator. The resolution was tabled. Mr. W. E. Miller of El Paso, Texas, writing to *COLLIER'S* of this episode, says truthfully:

"The comic feature of the situation, namely, that a Democratic Legislature can not condemn a Republican tariff measure without reflecting on one of its Democratic Senators, seems to have entirely escaped Bailey's adherents."

Without passing judgment on his reasons or his sincerity, it can be said truthfully that many of Senator Bailey's votes on the tariff bill were of material assistance to Mr. Aldrich.

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Crushed Stone and Water Once a Month

and it will supply you with enough home-made gas to run thirty-five lights. Just the thing for a farm or a country place of any sort.

Makes a cheap, exceptionally brilliant light—more economical than kerosene and quite as convenient as electricity. Already there are 185,000 of these machines furnishing light for as many homes.

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* * *

You can have a cluster of lights in every room in the house—one in the cellar,—one in the attic,—one on the front porch,—one at the back door,—one in the shed,—one in the barn yard,—two in the horse barn (or garage, if you have one), and four in the cow barn.

With an installation of this kind, you would have positively the most efficient and safest light equipment money can buy.

The "Union Carbide" which comes to you in sheet steel hundred pound drums won't burn and can't explode.

The fixtures are permanently attached to walls and ceilings—the light flame is so stiff, wind does not affect it.

Every burner can be equipped to light with the pull of a chain—no matches required; and in addition to all this, the gas is not poisonous.—You could sleep all night in a room with an open burner and suffer no harm.

* * *

Considering these advantages, is it any wonder that the engineers of the National Board of Fire Insurance Underwriters have pronounced modern Acetylene Light Safer than any of the illuminants it is displacing?

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Reuben Gets the Ax

(Continued from page 20)

kota. It seems to have been a wonderful event; but the most wonderful thing about it to me is the fact that, in that purely agricultural region, there were three thousand automobiles in town. But are the farmers straining their credit to buy these cars? Apparently not. Mr. George W. Mason of the Omaha "Bee" recently concluded an interesting investigation of this question, and of the equally interesting one as to the percentage owned by farmers of the deposits in the representative banks of fifty-four county-seat towns in Nebraska. Only one of these banks had made a loan to a farmer for automobile money—and that loan was on the car itself, not on the man's farm, as Mr. James Patten, the wheat king, would apparently have us think is ruinously common. Every bank said that many of the farmers were buying cars. Every one said that the farmers' credit is good, and all denied that it had been in any way affected by this new "extravagance."

All the banks reported heavy percentages of their deposits owned by farmers. Even the First National Bank of Omaha reported from 33 to 40 per cent of its deposits as farmers', and many of them gave the proportion as over 75 per cent. One bank said that all its depositors are farmers; and the average of the fifty-four reports shows 67 per cent of the deposits to belong to the tillers—or at least the owners—of the farms.

A Lack of Cohesion

AND yet the farmers are not very influential in this country. A man who has had more to do with the American farmer than any one I know, in the way of working for and teaching him, said to me: "The farmers of this country are like dry sand in the hand—they lack cohesion. They run out and leave you empty-handed after you think you have grasped them." You remember that the verse with which we began contains the line, "If all the men were one man, what a great man he would be!" The farmer can be all-powerful when he acts as one man. He could then say to the Midget Magnate under the cover slide: "You own the railroads? Well, we'll build railroads of our own, if you don't do the right thing!" They did that with the telephone lines in that Iowa county whereof we spoke. And if all the farmers were one farmer he could mine his own coal, and refine his own oil, and operate his own packing houses, and run his own elevators and warehouses, and buy his merchandise of all sorts in carloads and trainloads, and run his own banks, and deliver his fruits and eggs and everything he grows in car lots to the ultimate consumer—and the price of living might be lower for us all.

The other word for this team-work on the part of the farmers is cooperation through agricultural organization. The American farmer, like the British farmer, moves slowly when he moves at all. This resemblance indicates how very English we are, after all has been said about the extent to which the Anglo-Saxon blood has bred out of us. We are utterly English in the main characteristics of our people. In all the great agricultural nations except Great Britain and North America, the farmers have learned to a great degree to act as one man through cooperation. Did we speak just now of cooperative farmers' banks? Well (I am giving figures several years old here, and they are far below the mark), Germany has 8,354 of these banks, with 1,500,000 members; Belgium has 286, with six central banks and 13,000 members; Switzerland has many; Finland has 51; Italy has 1,700, with 476,000 members; Hungary has a large number; Austria has over 2,000. These figures show how the farmers of Europe are moving in the direction of every man being his own Morgan. In several of the nations the cooperative banks have lifted the poorer tillers of the soil from a condition of practical slavery to the money-lenders into circumstances easy by comparison, and with great benefits to the morals and social life of the people.

It has been suggested here that if all the farmers were one farmer, they might own their own packing houses. The farmers of Denmark do this—their cooperative pork-packing house fought and defeated a British bacon trust formed to beat down the price of their meats in England.

Cooperation in Europe

ITALY has 750 cooperative dairies and creameries; Holland 539; Hungary many; Austria a large number; Germany 1,682; France a large number; Belgium many; Sweden 430; Norway 650; Finland 72; and little Denmark (for that reason the richest farming country, all things considered, in Europe) has 1,100 cooperative creameries. We have a great many in this country, too; but in some of these Euro-

(Continued on page 30)



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This Oddly Shaped Fan

making thousands of revolutions per minute creates an absolutely even strong suction, of more volume and velocity at the cleaning tool than any other device practical for a portable vacuum cleaner. Scientifically designed fans have wonderful power. Our fans ventilate mines, foundries, shipyards, drive shovels, corn stalks into silos, convey kindling wood, and exhaust dust and refuse from carpet cleaning plants and other dusty factories.

- (1.) A revolving fan must long outwear any pump, bellows, or diaphragm, because it suffers no wear and tear, also it gives a constant, instead of an intermittent suction, and does not jerk the threads of fabrics.
 (2.) The effective handling of rapid air currents is one of the most difficult and complex departments of engineering.
 (3.) The B. F. Sturtevant Company has had more experience in designing, building, and installing air-driving apparatus than all other firms in the world combined.

Sturtevant

ELECTRIC

VACUUM CLEANER

Delivered Anywhere
express prepaid
 in the United States, complete, ready to use; with unusually full equipment of cleaning tools.
 Price \$130.00

Details of construction of the Sturtevant Vacuum Cleaner

The cleaner consists of the machine, 12-foot hose, an unusually complete outfit of tools for cleaning, 20 feet electric lamp cord and plug, and is operated from an electric light socket.

The motor is the same high grade as in all our work, absolutely guaranteed. The fan is one piece of aluminum, which, because of strength and lightness, is better than any other material.

The cleaner is on three rubber-tired wheels. Finished in aluminum, occupies less than two feet square.

There is nothing about the machine to get out of order. So simple that a child can operate it, and so soundly made that it will last for years. There is practically nothing about it to break or wear out. The dust receptacle will hold the gatherings of several cleanings and yet is easily emptied.

We make only one style of cleaner for household use, as our tests show that it is the smallest machine that is practical and durable, and we do not care to manufacture a cleaner that is a toy, or which will go to pieces or fail to do satisfactory work.

In addition to this household cleaner, we build larger machines for vacuum cleaning systems to be installed in hotels, residences, public buildings, etc.

This cleaner carries the same strong guarantee that goes with all our apparatus.

You can order direct from this advertisement, or if further information is wished, write for Booklet No. 40, or call at any of our offices named below.

B. F. STURTEVANT CO., General Office, Hyde Park, Mass.

MACHINES CAN BE SEEN AT:

Branch Offices: 50 Church St., N. Y. City; 125 N. 3rd St., Phila.; 329 W. 3rd St., Cincin.; 200 Fullerton Bldg., St. Louis; 530 S. Clinton St., Chicago; 711 Park Bldg., Pittsburg; 1006 Wash'n Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.; 34 Oliver St., Boston; 529 Metropolitan Bldg., Minneapolis; 423 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland; 1108 Granite Bldg., Rochester; 326 Hennen Bldg., New Orleans; 319 Conn. Mut. Bldg., Hartford.

We are glad to quote trade terms to responsible dealers



Plant of the B. F. Sturtevant Company, Hyde Park, Mass., Largest Builders of Fans and Blowers in the World

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

KEEN KUTTER

Tools and Cutlery



The first thing to remember when you buy a tool of any kind is the name Keen Kutter. That one word is equivalent to the accumulated experience of the most expert tool buyer.

There are no better tools made—there may be other good tools, but how are you to recognize them?

Keen Kutter Tools are each stamped with the name and trademark which identifies them at sight and guarantees that they are perfect in every respect. If anything goes wrong, your money will be refunded without question.

The trademark protects the dealer as well as the user, for he is able to guarantee satisfaction and this guarantee is backed by the makers.

The name costs nothing—the slight increase in cost over ordinary nameless tools represents actual tool value—better quality, better temper, more accuracy, more years of hard, serviceable work.

Keen Kutter Tools and Cutlery are the best for household use because they are so accurately set that poor work is almost impossible—best for the expert because their nicety of adjustment permits of the most delicate and accurate operations.

"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten."
—E. C. Simmons.
Trade Mark Registered.



SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY Inc.
St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.

KEEN KUTTER

Tools and Cutlery



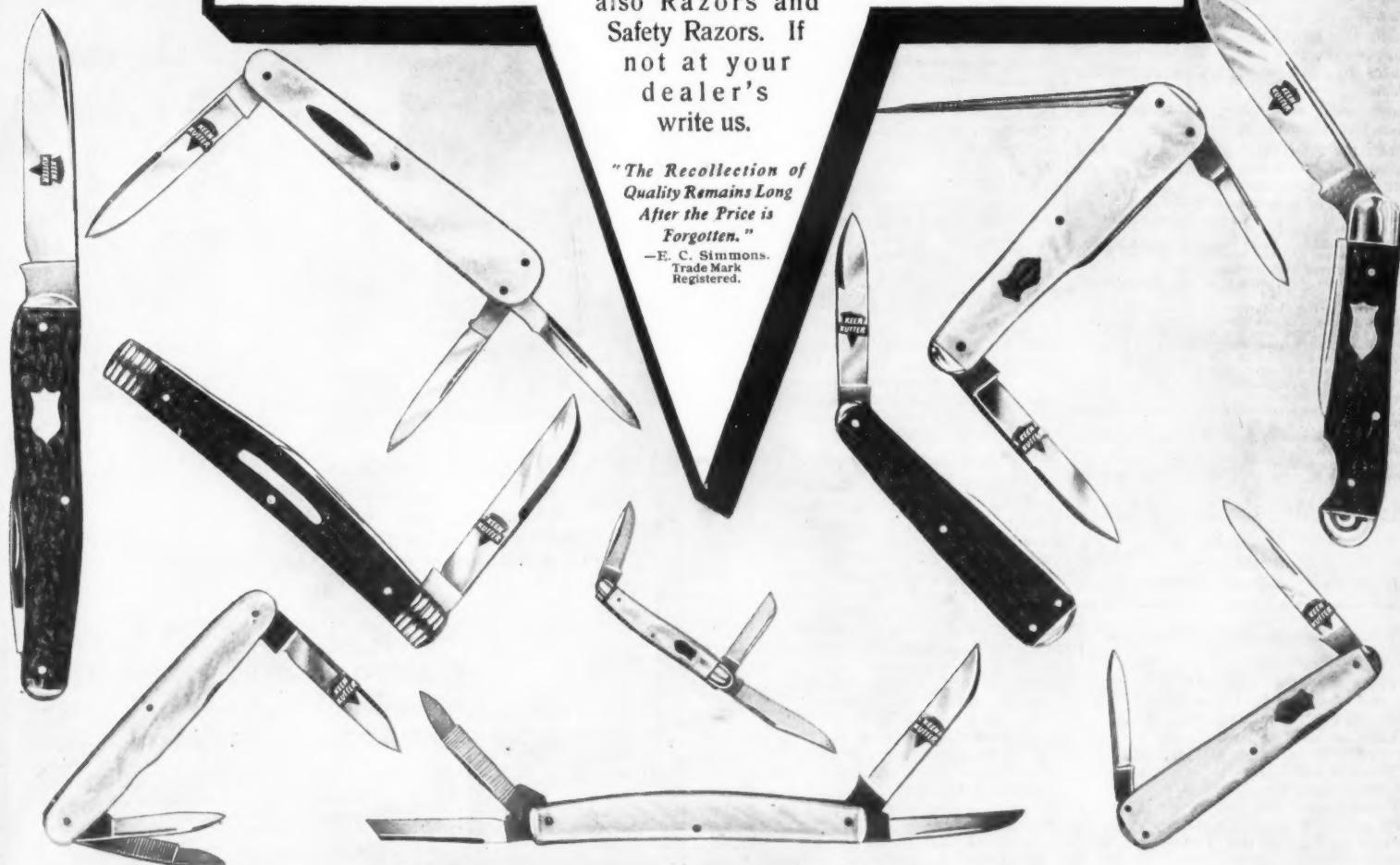
Keen Kutter Cutlery has been known for over 40 years. It represents the best there is in steel, temper and construction. Where there is an edge, that edge is ground and shaped with scientific accuracy. Where there is a rivet, that rivet is in to stay. Where there is a handle, that handle is put on—not to work loose, split, crack or warp. Every Keen Kutter detail is perfect.

Keen Kutter Pocket Knives, for example, represent the best that can be produced. The springs are always strong and resilient. The blades are so carefully fitted that they cannot work loose and wobble. The edges hold because the temper is perfect. The handles, whether gold, silver, pearl, bone or wood, are selected for quality.

Of course, there is a difference in price, according to design, but no matter what it costs, every Keen Kutter knife must represent perfection in its class or it would not bear the name and trade mark that guarantees it.

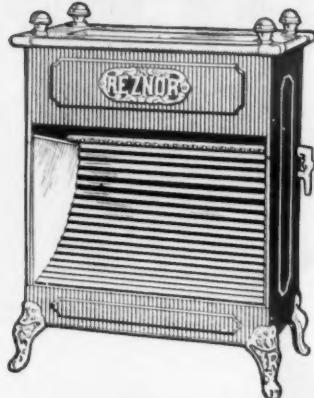
Keen Kutter Cutlery also comprises Scissors, Shears, Table and Kitchen Cutlery of every kind; also Razors and Safety Razors. If not at your dealer's write us.

"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten."
—E. C. Simmons.
Trade Mark Registered.



SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY, Inc.
St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.

**THRO' YOUR DEALER:
100,000 STOVES
FOR A WEEK'S
FREE TRIAL!**



REZNOR

The Original Reflector Gas Heater

You can get a Reznor Reflector Gas Heater for a week's trial at home simply by presenting to your dealer the coupon printed below.

The trial costs you nothing; it costs your dealer nothing.

If he has the Reznor in stock, he will gladly send one to your home.

If he is not carrying it as part of his regular line, he can order a dozen—as many as he likes—to let you and your friends and neighbors try free for a week; and we will not bill him for thirty days.

He will have ample time to collect on his sales (for a Reznor trial invariably means a sale) before his account with us is due—and he will have no trouble at all getting the stoves out on trial on our remarkable offer.

The Reznor is the most wonderful gas stove in the world, as you will find.

It has been on the market for more than 20 years.

Half a million homes now know its comfort and economy; sales increase each year in leaps and bounds, due solely to the Reznor's remarkable efficiency.

It really does reflect heat. It is the only stove that does, because it is the only one that produces from the gas the yellow illuminating flame.

It burns every atom of gas—gives more heat from less fuel than any other stove.

It heats the floor first. It diffuses the heat evenly over the room. You have heat the instant gas meets match.

We stand back of every Reznor. Every one bears our trade mark in front, or the name Reznor stamped in the metal of the back.

For 20 years the Reznor has been sold under a guarantee that meant full and complete fulfillment of our claims, or money back within a week.

Now we make our offer even more liberal and generous:

One hundred thousand Reznors free for a full week's trial in American homes; no pay from the dealer for 30 days in order to insure the heartiest co-operation of dealers all over the country; to enable you to try the Reznor and prove the full truth of every claim we make for the Reznor.

Go right away to your dealer.

Present him with the coupon. Tell him of our plan if he hasn't already learned of it; or show him this advertisement.

If he hasn't the Reznor in stock, he will not hesitate to order at once.

The coupon is his authorization; we stand back of the Reznor, knowing absolutely that it will make good.

**Reznor Manufacturing Co.
East Main Street
MERCER, PA.**

Chicago Pittsburgh Kansas City Los Angeles Toronto

Authorization for Reznor Free Trial.

To the Reznor Dealer:

This authorizes you to deliver to the home of the undersigned one (1) Reznor Reflector Gas Heater for one (1) week's free trial.

The undersigned agrees at the expiration of the week, either to pay you the purchase price, or, if not perfectly satisfied, to notify you to call and remove the heater.

If you do not carry the Reznor in stock, order one dozen, to be billed to you for payment thirty (30) days after the receipt of the invoice.

REZNOR MFG. CO.
East Main Street Mercer, Pa.

Name _____

Address _____

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

pean nations cooperative dairying has been the means of lifting the people from distress to comfort.

Denmark has cooperative organizations for farm insurance, poultry-raising and marketing eggs and poultry, for buying farm necessities, including seeds, feeds, fertilizers, and machinery, and for keeping bees and selling honey. There are also many cooperative breeding associations. The farmers buy together and buy cheap, and sell together and reach the ultimate consumer—or pretty nearly to him. The result is that nowhere do the farmers get as much of the consumer's dollar as in Denmark; and there can be no doubt that the results of this system of cooperation are equally beneficial to the consumer and the producer. The middleman? Well, he can always go to producing, can he not?

European agriculture is being transformed by this massing of farmers into cooperative societies. Some Danish peasants belong to as many as ten of these societies. Such a farmer touches elbows with his fellows and is confident in their collective strength.

Powerful Agencies for the Farmer

IN AUSTRIA, the governors of provinces, the prefects of cantons, the provincial state committees, the provincial agricultural councils, the priests, and the teachers in the elementary schools are all required by law to "enlighten the rural population on the importance and the utility of cooperative organization, and to do all they can for its extension." These European cooperative societies are great and powerful agencies. An agricultural college professor of one of our State colleges recently met on the train two Italians who seemed to belong to the class of efficient business men. They informed him that they represented ten thousand Italian farmers for whom they were buying agricultural tools and implements. They were en route to Springfield, Ohio, to buy direct from the manufacturers. Such societies exist all over progressive Europe, for the purchase in large quantities of everything needed on the farms, and for the selling of everything produced. Instructors are hired to give the cooperators hints as to the best way of farming. The whole movement spells efficiency.

The Era of Agricultural Organization

THE American farmer has done comparatively little in this, but he will do more. We have now, in fact, some of the most efficient cooperative organizations in the world, mostly in the fruit, truck-farming, and dairying industries; but the urge toward collective action is on. Most of the agricultural papers are advocating in one form or another the cooperative idea. The great agricultural organizations—the American Society of Equity, the Farmers' Union, and the Grange are in large measure favorable to the cooperative idea. Independent cooperative organizations are springing up all over the land. The error of those Missouri farmers who started the bank—that of overlooking the importance of expert management and expert leadership—is finding recognition as the dangerous thing for cooperation. The agricultural colleges are studying the problems of cooperation, and teaching, in the language of the Austrian law, "its importance and utility." The prediction may be ventured that within the next ten years we shall enter the era of agricultural organization in America, and that, taking the best tried features of European experience, and building with them on our own, we shall make of it a success equal, at least, to that of the Danes.

A Government of Farmers

IN THOSE days the farmers will all be one farmer. In recognition of the underlying identity of interest subsisting between producers everywhere, there is quite likely to be a community of feeling between farmers' organizations and those of laborers. The cordial relations that were established at the Farmers' Congress at St. Louis and the American Federation of Labor seems to forecast something of the sort. For a hint as to what may occur, one may again go to Denmark, where the organized farmers—organized in business ways—have gained such power that nearly half the seats in the chief governing body of the kingdom are held by farmers—men who work with their hands, and support families on holdings of from three to fifteen acres. Denmark has perhaps the best government in the world. The farmers have no interest in bad government—good government is good for them. What will happen when all the farmers—or even half of them—are one farmer? Doubtless he will cut some wood. There may or may not be a great splash. But this we may take for truth—there are symptoms that our national colossus is stirring with the prevalent mania for collective action, and that a lot of things are likely to happen when Reuben gets his ax.

Are You One of the Lucky Five Whose Teeth Are Not Being Destroyed by "Acid Mouth"?

?



PEBECO Tooth Paste

We invite you to try it at our expense

Pebecco is more than merely a finely scented saponaceous paste. It is the result of professional research to produce a dentifrice that really *does* preserve teeth; and it does it by getting at and *routing out* the cause of tooth-destruction—abnormal acidity. Seventeen years' use amply proves this. With this, it heals and strengthens "spongy," bleeding gums and benefits the mucous lining of the entire oral cavity.

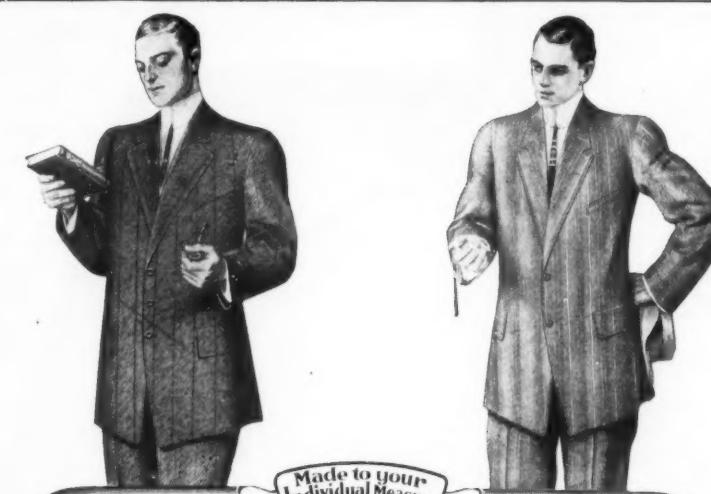
Pebecco exerts a special function of whitening the teeth (and does it *harmlessly*); it polishes without destroying the natural surface of the enamel; it is highly anti-septic and deodorant, insuring a germ-free mouth and a sweet, healthy breath. It is sold in every civilized country on the globe.

Ten-day Trial Tube Sent On Request

with the TEST PAPERS, which enable you to determine in a few moments whether you have "acid mouth" or not. Write today. Pebecco Tooth Paste originated in the hygienic laboratories of P. Beiersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany. Sold everywhere in large 50c. tubes. You will find it the most refreshing, most effective dentifrice you ever used, and very economical as only a small quantity is used at a time.

LEHN & FINK, 104 William Street, NEW YORK

Producers of Lehn & Fink's Riveris Talcum Powder



OUR High Class Made-to-Order Clothes cost no more than stock-clothing because of our enormous Nation-wide organization—because you don't pay for any investment on the part of our dealers, nor for any unsalable stock carried over from season to season. It's the modern principle of eliminated waste.

One of the live, progressive merchants of your city is ready to show you our exclusive woolens and skillfully measure you for your Fall Suit and Overcoat.

\$20.00 to \$40.00

If you don't know our Representative in your city, write for card of introduction.

PORTRAITS OF
ED WALSH
(White Sox)

and seven other American and National League "Stars" sent **FREE** on request together with our beautiful Fall Fashion Magazine, Edition C. Write today.

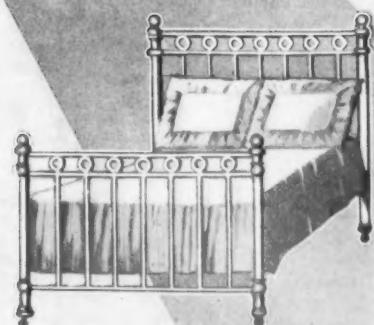
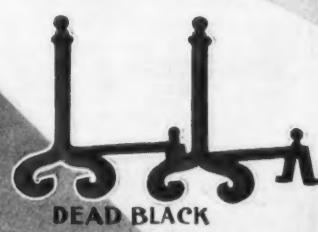
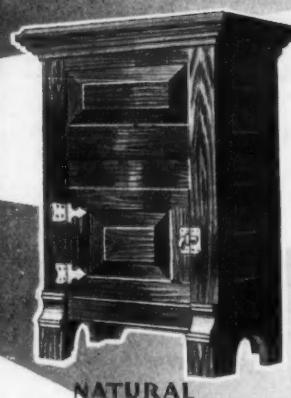
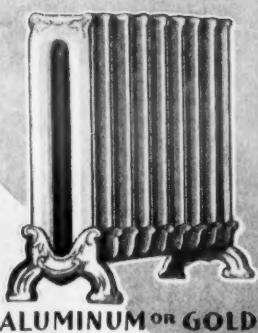
Strauss Brothers
MASTER TAILORS
CHICAGO

RENEW
WITH
JAP-A-LAC



EVERYTHING OF WOOD OR METAL

A Bright Spot
in your Home



The Glidden Varnish Co.
Cleveland, Ohio, Toronto, Ontario.

You don't need electricity for thorough Vacuum Cleaning

Electricity is a luxury so far as thorough sanitary cleaning in the home is concerned since the perfection and introduction of the **Automatic Hand Power Vacuum Cleaner** which does what no other hand power vacuum cleaning machine has ever done before—affording the full power of the large, expensive vacuum cleaners and at a price that brings it within the reach of every overworked housewife.

It is the **only AUTOMATIC Vacuum Cleaner**. In speed—thoroughness of work—in simplicity of construction and ease of operation it is not approached by any other vacuum cleaner made.

The Only Hand Power Cleaner That Blows

It is as carefully made as the electric cleaner and will last a life time and pay for itself over and over again every year in the saving of wear and tear on your rugs, carpets and furnishings.

A Child Can Operate It

So light that a woman can carry it up stairs or down—and runs so easily that a child can operate

The 1911 Models of Automatic (Hand Power, \$25) Vacuum Cleaner Now Ready

Because our exclusive **double tank** device for separating the dust from the air catches 95% of the dust in the bottom of the tank without screens, baffles or water, the **Automatic** is the easiest to empty—the only one that contains no tin or cast iron—malleable iron, steel and brass are used exclusively in its construction.

Try It Ten Days

If you live in a locality where we are not represented, deposit with us \$25 for one of these machines—if you are not satisfied that this is the best hand power Vacuum Cleaner you ever saw, you may return it and we will refund your deposit. Can you afford to turn down such a proposition?

Automatic Electrics For Any Building Wired For Electricity

Three styles—mechanical marvels, without competition, doing just as thorough work as the most expensive wagon or installed vacuum cleaner outfit giving years constant service, without stalling, overheating, burning out of fuses or endangering your wiring—has the approval of the New York Board of Fire Underwriters.

We Want Live Representatives Everywhere

The **Automatic Vacuum Cleaner** has earned a national reputation—it is a ready seller—a money maker for those who handle it. Write us today for our proposition to local representatives.

Automatic Vacuum Cleaner Co., 1026 E. 41st St. Bloomington, Ill.

Write for Free Book

Guaranteed For 20 Years

The Meaning of the Crops

(Continued from page 18)

by side for long parallel distances, one side was soaked all summer, while on the other side the dust was blowing white for months.

It is surprising that with all these innumerable difficult local conditions the general result of all the crops in all the localities should prove so remarkably favorable in the aggregate. Yet such, at this writing, is the case.

In some years the crops and the weather seem to agree perfectly all through the growing and ripening season. But this year there has been a running fight, with the crops steadily winning all along the line, until toward the end little sister Spring Wheat stumbled and fell and seemed to be almost fatally hurt. But at the very last there was a recovery, and although crippled and behind, the total result on wheat is wonderfully good. That is a layman's description of what happened to wheat this year. But the technical, professional report on these happenings is quite interesting. Here is what one of the most expert and well-equipped great commercial houses in the Southwest, with a remarkable system of reports from agents, says about spring wheat in its privately issued recent letter on crops. This serves to give an idea of the careful manner in which the crops, as they grow from month to month, are watched by leading interests:

Spring Wheat

SPRING wheat was very severely hurt in the three great spring wheat States, viz., North and South Dakota and Minnesota—North Dakota being the worst affected, owing to lack of rainfall in the spring and the abnormally high temperatures which prevailed early in the summer. The result is that the conditions in North Dakota are bad throughout; but they are fair in South Dakota, except in the extreme southeast, where they are good; and vary from poor to good in southern Minnesota, being fair, as a whole; spring wheat conditions are also poor in Washington and Oregon. The spring wheat crop as a rule will be severely reduced, being in the neighborhood of from 75,000,000 to 80,000,000 bushels short of last year. The total yield of spring and winter wheat combined for 1910 will be approximately 650,000,000 bushels, or about a ten-year average. The yield last year was 737,000,000 bushels, or more than the average. The quality as a rule is very good. The world's wheat crop is short—something like 350,000,000 bushels this year as compared with 1909—and I look, therefore, for continued high prices for wheat throughout the fall and next spring. Farmers are shipping wheat very freely to market in all sections, and are evidently doing this to pay off their obligations to the banks; and this fact should render money more plentiful in wheat districts, which should make better business and better collections.

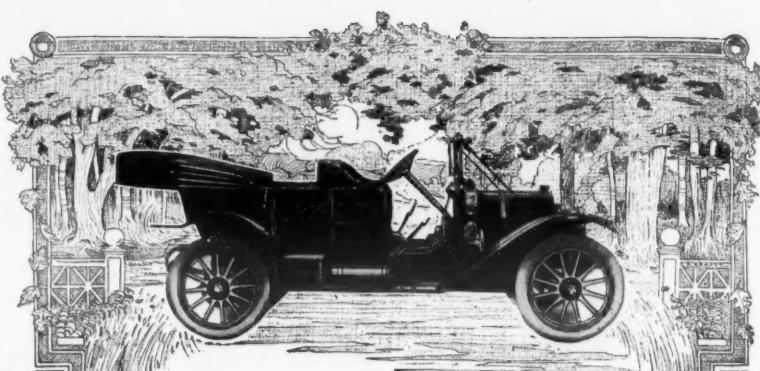
A Remarkable Year in Oats

THE oat crop is another of those which entails added benefits after it is safely harvested. About one-fourth of the crop passes into a manufactured condition as oatmeal and in very many varieties of cereal foods. The public has heard more about oats in the last fifteen years than nearly all the other grains by reason of the advertising campaign of the cereal food makers. Every surface and subway car in the country sprouts with attractive invitations of the manufacturers. In addition, part of the oat crop is manufactured into cardboard, strawboard, packing cases, papers, and many other products. These manufacturers aggregate a very large production, employing a capital comparing well with even the wheat flour mills, and making use of even a larger proportionate labor force. All this gives great added profits on account of this crop.

The outcome this year in oats is something remarkable. The weather all over the country seems to have agreed to let this one crop pass to the front without a struggle. It will be the largest crop ever raised in this cereal, probably just ahead of last year, which up to that time led the record. Only at the very last did the weather turn against oats, and this was after the crop had been harvested. Then the heavy rainfalls did some damage to oats in the shock after they had been cut, but not enough to be serious. The large crop this year is due partly to the fact that much winter wheat that had gone bad was plowed up in the early part of the spring and was replanted to oats.

The total crop will be something over a billion bushels.

The one crop still out in the weather at this writing, besides corn, is cotton. This is altogether so important a crop that the results of its final picking must markedly influence conditions. It is the crop with



The Superb Haynes

Don't choose a Haynes merely because it is the only car of established reputation selling at a moderate price. Choose it—as a thousand others did last year—because it is undeniably the best value, quality considered, at anywhere near its price.

The Haynes you knew last year—the famous Model 19—has an even greater car for a successor.

Model 20 for 1911 has a 114-inch wheel base—with heavier wheels. The body is longer, wider, roomier and more comfortable.

It has 35-40 horsepower.

The equipment is not only absolutely complete but of the highest grade obtainable. For example, we supply the famous Warner Auto-Meter with every car. Money can buy no better. (Only speed indicator of this quality is entitled to be put on a car of Haynes quality.)

Complete equipment includes top, dusthood, dual Bosch ignition system, glass front, Type B Presto-O-Lite tank, full set of lamps, robe and foot rail—everything either needed or wanted on a car.

The Haynes name and reputation is your best possible safeguard in purchasing a car

Literature gladly sent on request.

Haynes Automobile Company
Kokomo 214 Main St. Indiana
Licensed under Selden Patent

"NO!—MOTHER TOLD ME TO BUY

Necco SWEETS



It's good for the children to cultivate the "NECCO" spirit, because NECCO SWEETS are good for them. When they want any kind of confectionery, simple or elaborate have them say "NECCO"—the wholesomeness will take care of itself. Every piece sold under the NECCO seal. At all leading dealers.

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO., Boston, Mass.

"RANGER" BICYCLES

Have imported roller chains, sprockets and pedales; New Departure Coaster Brakes and Hubs; Puncture Proof Tires; highest grade equipment and many advanced features possessed by no other wheel. **FACTORY PRICES** less than others ask for cheap wheels. Other reliable models from \$12 up. A few good second-hand machines \$8 to \$12. **10 DAYS FREE TRIAL** We ship on freight prepaid, anywhere in U. S., without a cent in advance. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you get our big new catalog and special prices and a marvelous new offer. **TIRES** Coated, black, Bear Wheels, lamps, parts, and sundries, half usual prices. Rider Agents everywhere are coming money selling our bicycles, tires and sundries. Write today.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. B-54, CHICAGO

BRIGHTEN UP Your Stationery in the OFFICE, BANK, SCHOOL or HOME by using WASHBURN'S PATENT PAPER FASTENERS.

75,000,000

SOLD the past year should convince YOU of their SUPERIORITY.

Trade O. K. Mark

Made of brass, 3 sizes. In brass boxes of 100. Handsome, compact, strong, no slipping, NEVER!

All stations. Send 10c for sample box of 50, assorted sizes. Illustrated booklet free.

The O. K. Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

N 1B

NATIONAL BASEBALL GAME

is endorsed by Clark, Jennings, Kelley, Wagner, Ganzell, and scores of professional baseball players and "fans." Nothing else like it. The ball is batted and caught, men run bases, make strikes, fouls, base hits, home runs, and every play of the real game of baseball.

FREE OFFER TO BOYS

Write quick for our "Special Free Offer to Boys," which tells how any boy can get a National Baseball Game free. This fascinating game, made of metal, beautifully enamelled in 5 colors, size 19 x 22 inches, with 1000 customs, set of four men, bases and bats, rule, complete, price \$2.00. Illustrated booklet mailed free.

Sold by Best Dealers Everywhere

THOMAS-PETER CO., 400 Maple Ave., Canton, Ohio



Plymouth Furs

TRADE MARK

The standard high grade furs of America. "Plymouth Furs" are designed by our own artists, and made by expert furriers from prime, lustrious pelts.

Style Book A Free on Request

Our Style Book A shows hundreds of copyrighted styles of furs for Men, Women and Children, at prices ranging from \$5 to \$8000. When writing for the Style Book, mention the kind of furs that interest you, so we can send definite information.

PLYMOUTH FUR CO.

Dept. A

Minneapolis, Minn.



A Perfect Baker Fuel Saver
Charcoal Iron, that won't rust like Steel and Malleable Iron, that can't break. Outwears three ordinary ranges. Seams riveted—always remain air tight. Lined with quarter inch pure asbestos board—assures dependable baking heat. You save half the fuel with a

Great Majestic Malleable and Charcoal Iron Range

All doors drop, form rigid shelves—no springs. Open door with pure ventilated ash pit and ash cup prevents fire from catching fire—all copper reservoir—removable—in direct contact with fire—bills 15 gallons water in a jiffy. Best range at any price—sold by dealers in nearly every county in forty states. See It!

Majestic Manf. Co.
Dept. 49 St. Louis, Mo.

PARIS GARTERS

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

NO METAL
can touch you



YEAR ROUND COMFORT

25¢, 50¢, \$1.00.
Dealers or direct
upon receipt of price

A. Stein & Co. Makers
Congress St. and Center Ave.
Chicago.

which we may pay this year a substantial part of our debit balance to the world, if we have one, or with which we may swing the figures to the credit side. The spindles of the world, many of them idle, are waiting for our cotton. The United States supplies three-fourths of all the cotton used each year. The small crop last year makes this year's yield doubly important. The planters appreciated this, and the acreage this year is considerably larger than last. As the season advanced, vexing lack of rainfall continued west of the Mississippi, especially in Oklahoma and Texas, but almost suddenly, when matters were at tension, relief came. Cotton is a dry-weather plant and thrives on drought which would kill other crops. It is for temperance, however, rather than prohibition. But too much water is also fatal, and east of the Mississippi and south of the Ohio the continuous rains, good for other crops, were disastrous to cotton, and deterioration and insect enemies resulted there. As August came on, however, the rainfalls ceased, and the plant was given a chance, which seasonable weather afterward increased.

The Crops and National Prosperity

THE South has harvested a most unusually bountiful grain crop this year, which will give it plenty of food. A good cotton crop will give it plenty of money. The crop last year was 10,500,000 bales. If the crop this year should be 12,000,000 bales, it would not probably cause a decline in price which would be large enough to be unfavorable to the planters. There is one unsettling condition prevailing. The English bankers require, after October 31, a guarantee of cotton bills of lading from the American bankers, who, however, claim that this is against their charters. If the matter is not adjusted, this will cause a rush to market the cotton before the end of October, with the possible result of temporarily lower prices.

While cotton goes out in the raw, tobacco furnishes a remarkable example of the added value which is possible for a purely agricultural product to obtain through manufacture. The value of the entire crop of tobacco in 1909 was \$95,719,365. Of this, \$35,904,000 was exported. Yet, as far back as 1905, there was a capital of \$313,983,501 invested in manufactures of tobacco, employing 139,408 persons, with wages of \$62,640,303, and a value of total manufactured product of \$331,117,681. Thus, an agricultural output, having a crop value, after deducting exports, of \$59,815,000, and after paying \$62,640,303 for labor (nearly \$3,000,000 more than the original crop value) and \$51,887,000 for internal revenue taxation, had a total value of \$331,117,681, or \$156,775,378 more than these main items of cost. The five main agricultural products—cotton, corn and hay, wheat, oats and tobacco—whose value as farm products was in 1909 \$4,388,196,198, furnished a total export value (including their manufactured products and those of cattle and hogs) of \$926,397,890, or over 56 per cent of the total exports of \$1,638,355,593. They paid, through their products, internal revenue taxes of \$161,252,250, or about 65 per cent of the entire internal revenue collections, and in the manufacture of their directly related products gave employment in 1905 to 1,144,708 persons, receiving wages of \$467,395,645, and covered a capital investment of \$2,561,090,051.

When to this is added the labor employed on the farms producing these five special crops and the capital invested there, their vast magnitude and their importance to the prosperity of the entire country are evident.

In the exhibition of total results should also be included the large benefits from what is called the secondary crops—rye, barley, potatoes, flax, and fruits—the latter of especially growing importance over a constantly increasing area.

The Golden Stream

IF a Government wagon train of the old pioneer type should start from the California coast heavily guarded and loaded with 9,000 millions in gold, to be distributed on the way in the slow passage to the Atlantic Coast, the event would create a storm of excitement throughout the country and over the world. That, in ultimate effect, and in a quiet way, is really what is being done by the harvest this year. The distribution is now going on. The first to receive his reward has been the farm laborer, but there is no premium with his. To the successful farmer, whose crop has dodged too much rain and too much heat throughout this spotted season, the dollars are piled up and paid over. As the movement progresses, transportation of all kinds gets its share. Then the factory and its laborers, the counting-room, the bank. The golden stream flows in all directions, and for a year or more will impart new cheer, practically to all interests.



"Love at First Sight!"

(Pictures ready for delivery)

"Why so much frowning?" asked a friend as he paused at the door of the writer's office.

"Because I can't find the right words to tell the magazine readers how really beautiful and valuable are the 1911 'Pompeian Beauties' in colors. We are practically giving them away, charging only 15 cents apiece to protect ourselves from being overwhelmed. Each 'Pompeian Beauty' is really worth \$1.50 to \$2.50," I replied.

"Oh I see," he laughed, "can't make the public understand how you can give a \$1.50 picture for 15 cents, eh? Well, charge 'em a dollar. Maybe that will make 'em sit up and observe. Let's see the pictures." I pointed to the wall behind him.

"Those! Those for 15 cents apiece!" His voice indicated his own disbelief.

"There you are!" I laughed. "Won't believe me myself. Just 15 cents apiece. No more. But which is your choice?"

"That one for me! No, wait a moment. That one! No, I—I—say—I love 'em all! They're great! They're wonders! Just say in your ad that it's a case of *love at first sight* for every single one of them! They are all heart-breakers! If the public could only see them in their real sizes and colors you'd be swamped!"

Yes, it is a case of "love at first sight" for those who see them in their true and exquisite colors. Now you say: "Which 'Pompeian Beauty' would I rather have on my walls?" Any one is worthy of a fine frame. Yes, you may order several if you can't decide on one. You run no risk. Read our "money back" guarantee.

Why \$1.50 is not charged. The manufacturers of Pompeian Massage Cream want to make you so delighted with each picture you get that you can never forget who gave it to you, for each picture is practically a gift, the 15 cents being charged to protect ourselves from being overwhelmed. We get our reward through years to come, and from the good will and confidence thus established. You get your reward at once.

Canadian Customers!

We are now making Pompeian in Canada, as well as in Cleveland, Ohio. This relieves our Canadian customers from paying duty when they buy from their regular dealers. However, all letters should be addressed to Cleveland, Ohio, as usual. Goods sold by all dealers.



POMPEIAN

Massage Cream
FOR LIBRARY SLIPS
ONE IN
EVERY PACKAGE

All Dealers 50c, 75c, and \$1.

"Don't envy a good complexion; use Pompeian and have one."

This is the advice of men and women (in a million homes) that use Pompeian Massage Cream. You yourself will never know the reasons for Pompeian popularity—how clean you can be and look—how refreshed, healthy and wholesome in appearance—until you test Pompeian.

Glance in your mirror after a refreshing Pompeian Massage. The old sallow "dead skin" appearance has gone, and in place is a skin with the freshness and smoothness of perfect health and youth. "Don't envy a good complexion; use Pompeian and have one." Trial jar sent for 6 cents (stamps or coin). You may order pictures, trial jar, or both.

Our 1911 Pictures

Each "Pompeian Beauty" is in colors and by a high priced artist, and represents a type of woman whom Pompeian helps to make more beautiful by imparting a natural, clear, healthy complexion.

Our Guarantee. If you are not satisfied that each copy of any "Pompeian Beauty" has an actual art store value of \$1.50 to \$2.50, or if for any reason you are disappointed, we will return your money.

Note—The handsome frames are only printed (but in colors) on pictures A and B. Each of 4 pictures has hanger for use if picture is not to be framed.

Pompeian Beauty (A) Size 17 in. by 12 in.—(B) Size 19 in. by 12 in.—(C) size 32 in. by 8 in.—(D) size 35 in. by 7 in.

Note—Pompeian Beauty D is already in a quarter of a million homes, and the demand for it is still heavy.

Final Instructions

Don't expect picture and trial jar to come together; don't expect reply by "return mail" (we have 20,000 orders on some days). But after making due allowance for distance, congestion of mails and our being overwhelmed at times, if you then get no reply, write us, for mails will miscarry and we do replace all goods lost or stolen. Write plainly on the coupon only. You may order as many pictures as you wish for yourself or friends.

(Clip coupon now)



THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO.

3 Prospect Street Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen:—Under the letters (or a letter) in the spaces below I have placed figures (or a figure) to show the quantity I wish of one or more of the four types of "Beauty." I am enclosing 15c. (stamps or money) for each picture ordered.

P. S. I shall place a mark (x) in the square below if I enclose 6c. extra (stamps or coin) for a trial jar of Pompeian.

Write very carefully, on coupon only.

Name.....
Street Address.....
City..... State.....

A United Nation



Millions of people touch elbows and are kept in constant personal contact by the Bell System.

There are all kinds of people, but only one kind of telephone service that brings them all together. They have varying needs, an infinite variety, but the same Bell System and the same Bell Telephone fits them all.

Each Bell station, no matter where located, is virtually the center of the system, readily connected with other stations, whether one or a thousand miles away.

Only by such a universal system can a nation be bound together.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT
has contracted for

Cary's Everlasting Flexible Steel Mat

to be used in all buildings under its jurisdiction from Maine to California. For Entrances, Corridors, or any Floor-space exposed to Dirt or Wet. Especially suited for use in Public Buildings, Hotels, Banks, Schools, Churches, Stores, Restaurants, Railway and Street Cars, Steamships, Engine Rooms, Laundries, Kitchens, etc. Best Quality of Rolled Steel, Rust-proof, round corners, no curling up. Will Last a Lifetime.

Used and Specified for all U.S. Government Buildings

Made in Rolls and in the Following Regular Sizes and Prices.

No.	Size	Price	No.	Size	Price	No.	Size	Price
1...	16 x 24...	\$1.75	3...	22 x 36...	\$3.50	6...	36 x 48...	\$7.50
1 1/2	16 x 28...	2.00	4...	27 x 48...	5.50	7...	36 x 54...	8.50
2...	18 x 30...	2.50	5...	30 x 48...	6.50	8...	36 x 60...	9.50

Estimates Furnished on Special Sizes

CARY MANUFACTURING CO., 31 Roosevelt Street, New York

Put real life into your kodak pictures

Give the natural, living, breathing colors to the pictures of your friends and the places you visited this summer with

Set of 8 colors
(\$1.00) will tint
1000 photos

ARISTOTINT
Color Wonder

Money back if
you are not
more than sat-
isfied

You can master this fascinating occupation in a few minutes. Get a set today. Tint the photos you took this summer. Send us \$1.00 and get postpaid a full set of 8 colors with complete directions. Stamps accepted. Send for the set now.

L. M. PRINCE,

110 West 4th Street,
Films developed and printed—all work guaranteed.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Irene of Trebizond

(Continued from page 23)

held the door, and David Sampson and the black stood against the wall at either side.

"The first shall be mine," said David Sampson. "The second yours, Rustan."

The door quivered and Irene opened it a foot. A man slipped into the place and the door closed behind him. David Sampson struck once, deep and true, and the man fell upon his face without a sound. So they dragged him out of the way and the next one came. Four altogether, as the Kurdish woman had said. At the end my nephew drew himself up and looked out of the closet window.

"There are no more," said he. "We have done now."

But he was wrong.

Irene had gone once more across the chamber to where the Emperor was. David looked after her presently, and he saw that Basil had slipped down to the floor and lay along the raised step by the bedside. He saw Irene bend over the prostrate man and then rise, all at once, with her hands upon her face, swaying where she stood. He ran to her and knelt beside the man who lay at her feet. He felt with his hands and at last listened, his ear laid upon the man's chest. But all was still there.

Basil the Emperor had not been murdered, but fright and shock and that flutering heart of his had killed him.

MY NEPHEW rose again to his feet, and for the second time that night the two, through one long and terrible moment, gazed into each other's eyes. Then David Sampson turned and walked slowly to the middle of the room. He spoke in a low, clear voice, and all who were there could hear him. He said:

"The Emperor is dead. Irene reigns!"

And after the first shocked moment of amazement and horror the gigantic black eunuch and the Georgian slave woman fell upon their knees and made the triple obeisance.

So Irene was declared regent for her little son: Faithful Empress of the Romans, Empress and Autoocrat-Regent of all the East, Iberia and Perateia. The eight dead men lay about her in the lamplight, and her three faithful servants bent the knee and touched the ground with their heads in token of fealty; but against the farther wall one stood bound and gagged, her black eyes gleaming over the top of the scarf that gagged her, and she was still to be reckoned with.

David beckoned the Georgian slave woman to him.

"Go as quickly as you can," said he, "and fetch the Grand Domestikos. You will probably find him in the great hall below where they are feasting. Go out through the guards at the door. They will let you pass. And tell them that the Emperor—the Emperor—wishes to speak with the Grand Domestikos at once." The woman nodded silently and slipped out of the chamber by the main door. David motioned the black toward Varna, where she stood against the wall, and himself drew the Empress apart, and they whispered there together. Once, while they waited, Irene slipped from the room into one of the other chambers through which they had passed on their way from the tower-top, and when she returned she nodded.

"The child is sleeping well," she said. "He has heard nothing and the woman who watches beside him has heard nothing either. We have been very quiet here." She looked toward the huddled figures on the floor and a shiver wrung her.

THEN the door opened and I came in, for the Georgian had found me at once, though I had not been making merry with the rest—David might have known me better than that.

He came across the room to meet me and took me by the arm.

"The Emperor is dead," said he.

I think I groaned aloud, and I know that I went suddenly very weak and that my knees trembled under me. My nephew slipped his arm about my shoulders or I think I should have fallen.

"Now we're lost indeed!" said I when I could speak. "We're done for now and nothing can save us. I've been down in the city, prowling, half the night, and I know. Aye, we're done for!" I caught sight of the dead men and of that gigantic black eunuch with his breast and arms covered with blood.

"What's all this?" said I, and David explained to me hurriedly what had happened. Irene came to join us as we spoke.

"What is to be done?" she asked. "Will they let me reign now that Basil is dead? Will they let me sit as regent for the child?"

"No, Kyria!" said I.

She drew a sudden sharp breath, and I thought I heard her say, whispering:

(Continued on page 38)

Cut Tire Expense

by using long-lived, trouble-proof Goodyear Tires. The accompanying illustration shows the superior construction of Goodyears better than anything we can say. Compare both sections—they tell the story.



Note the oversize feature, assuring increased mileage, easy riding, impossibility of rim cutting.

Detachable Tires Lower Priced

Commencing July 1, 1910, you can obtain Goodyear Straight-Side Quick Detachable Tires at the same prices that other makers charge for ordinary clincher tires.

Our valuable book, "How to Select an Automobile Tire," shows how to cut down tire expense amazingly. It's FREE for the asking.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Main Office and Factory, Erie Street, Akron, Ohio
Branches and Agencies in All Principal Cities

THE SIMONDS SAW

Simonds "Crescent Ground" Cross-cut Saws are guaranteed to cut 10% more timber for the same time and labor than any other cross-cut saw made.

Look for this trade mark



A specialized product of our steel mills, remarkable for its edge-holding quality and even tempering.

Leading jobbers of the United States and Canada sell Simonds "Crescent Ground" Cross-cut Saws.

Carpenters, send for free copy of "Carpenter's Guide Book."

SIMONDS MFG. CO.
Fitchburg, Mass.

Chicago Montreal New York City
New Orleans San Francisco Seattle
Portland, Ore.



A Good Example
of Beaver Board
Walls and Ceilings



Reproduced
from an Actual
Photograph

ALL who intend to build or remodel should know about artistic, durable and economical **BEAVER BOARD** FOR WALLS AND CEILINGS

It takes the place of lath, plaster and wall-paper in every type of building. Made in panels of all convenient sizes, easily and quickly put up by anyone handy with tools. Seams covered by decorative panel-strips. Most beautiful designs possible. BEAVER BOARD resists sound, heat, cold, strains, settling of building, etc., does not check, crack, or deteriorate with age. Invaluable for partitions, false ceilings and other remodeling uses. Sold by hardware, lumber, paint, wall-paper and builders' supply dealers, and decorators. If your dealer doesn't handle we shall be glad to see that you are supplied.

Write for interesting free booklet, "Beaver Board and Its Uses," which treats subject in full detail. Many illustrations.

THE BEAVER COMPANY
In U. S., address 209 Beaver Road, Buffalo, N. Y.
In Canada, address 159 Beaver Triangle, Ottawa, Ont.

ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



16 Years Here

BAYRIDE, L. I., AUG. 2, 1910.
Gentlemen: Since purchasing my first Ostermoor Mattress of you, sixteen years ago, I have bought several others and have recommended them widely.
There is no doubt that the Ostermoor is the most uniquely comfortable mattress ever made. My sixteen-year-old mattress is still in service without renovation of any kind and is certainly good for sixteen years more.
WILLIAM H. JOHNS.

"Built—not Stuffed" Ostermoor \$15.

On Land and Sea Supreme for Over Half a Century

From the Commodore of the New York Yacht Club

NEW YORK, JUNE 20, 1910.

Gentlemen:

Ostermoor Mattresses and Cushions have always given me entire satisfaction in every respect, and proved all you claimed them to be.

Their use throughout my yacht *Aloha* was such a comfort and pleasure, we have found them so much better than the very best of hair, we would use nothing else but Ostermoor Cushions throughout, and Ostermoor Mattresses in all the staterooms of the new *Aloha*. Very truly yours,

ARTHUR CURTISS JAMES.

THE ALOHA

IT is a conspicuous fact that there are many imitations of the Ostermoor Mattress, and of Ostermoor advertising, but *not one* of them imitates Ostermoor by *offering proof of service*.

They *can't do it!* They haven't the service back of their goods to show. We defy any other mattress maker, regardless of name, material or price, to show letters from users attesting that after fifteen to fifty years' service their mattresses are as comfortable as when new.

Think of this when you buy a mattress, especially if you are shown an imitation which is said to be "as good as Ostermoor."

Think how much better it is to get a mattress that is built for everlasting service and comfort, instead of simply stuffed, and likely to develop soon into a mass of sleep-disturbing lumps and bumps.

Ostermoor is the cleanest, most sanitary, most comfortable of all mattresses. It is dustless, germ proof, vermin proof, proof against odors and dampness. It never needs remaking or renovating, except an occasional sun bath.

Send for our
144 PAGE BOOK AND SAMPLES FREE

The Ostermoor is not for sale generally, but there's an Ostermoor dealer in most places, the liveliest merchant in town. Write us and we'll send his name. We will ship you a mattress by express, prepaid, same day your check is received, where we have no dealer in town or he has none in stock. Thirty nights' free trial granted. Money back if wanted. Get the genuine Ostermoor; the trade-mark on the end is your guarantee.



WHAT you wear during the night is just as important as what you wear during the day.

Discriminating men who value their comfort and want to get the most out of their night's rest, wear "Faultless" nightwear—the world's standard for nearly thirty years.

Faultless Since 1881

Reg'd. Pajamas, Night and Day Shirts



Your Dealer knows about "Faultless" Garments

Tell your dealer that you would like to look at some "Faultless" nightwear. Ask about "Faultless" Day Shirts too, and then judge for yourself.

"Faultless" garments are made of tested materials cut with generous proportions; perfect in detail; and made under the most sanitary conditions.

"Faultless" Garments all bear the "Faultless" label for your protection.

Write for our "Bed-Time Book" and the "Day Shirt Book"

If your dealer cannot supply you with "Faultless" garments, write for free copies of our books and make your own selection. We will see that you are supplied. There is a wide range of prices depending on the style and fabric.

E. Rosenfeld &

Company

Dept. F

Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

150 Round Red Rubber Fingers

LUXURY LATHER BRUSH

Handy Hang-up Handle



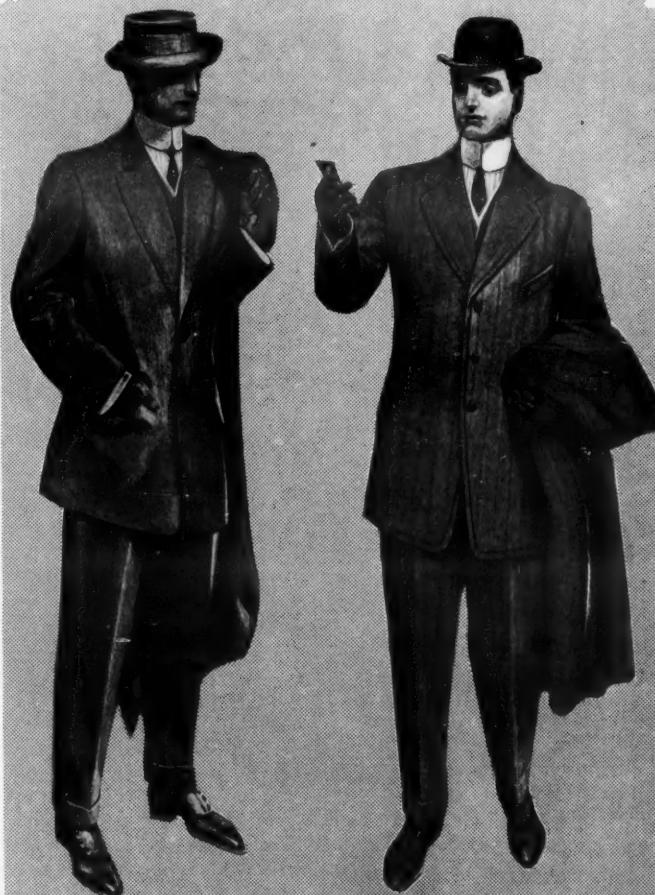
Nine times out of ten you blame the razor when your face is at fault. You don't need a new razor, you need a new face.

The gentle massage of the Luxury will give you a new face—healthy, firm and proof against shaving irritation. Will make the razor you now have cut well. At the same time it will soften the beard better than the hand and without mussiness. Its fairylike fingers work like magic; they carry the lather right down where the razor cuts. This prevents pulling and saves the edge of the razor.

BOOK, "Well Lathered is Half Shaved," FREE

Fingers made of softest Para rubber with a touch like velvet. Brush of choicest French bristles mixed with pure badger hair—vulcanized in hard rubber, can't pull out. If your dealer hasn't the Luxury, send us \$3 and his name and we will mail you one prepaid. Use it 30 days; then, if not well on the way to a new face and convinced you were wrong in blaming your razor, send it back and your money will be refunded. A cent a shave pays for a Luxury within a year.

LUXURY SALES COMPANY, 386 River Street, Troy, N. Y.



"Sampeck"

What Do Your Clothes Say About You?

IN OLDEN days only the Aristocrat was well dressed. Today, it is possible for every man to be an aristocrat in dress—if he will.

"Sampeck" Clothes are the aristocracy of ready-to-wear garments for men. They are modeled and tailored not only to becomingly fit "the man without" but to proclaim the personality of "the man within".

Go to the best Clothes shop in your locality. There you'll find "Sampeck" Clothes—and having found them, let them "find" you. They will always speak a good word for you.

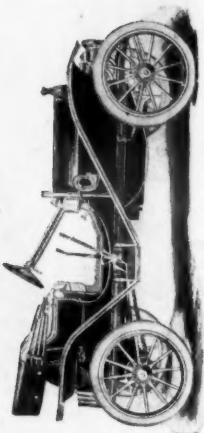
Write to us for "The Seven Wonders of the World"—our new book of Fall wear.

Samuel W. Peck & Co.
New York

Never Before Such A Car At Such A Price; With Such A Guarantee

We want you to accept every word of this announcement in its most exact and literal sense. Therefore, we repeat—never before, such a car at such a price, with such a guarantee. And we take the liberty of reminding you that it is the Hupp Motor Car Company which is speaking; through its General Manager, R. C. Hupp. We want you to recall that the Hupp Motor Car Company has kept faith with the American people in every promise it ever made; and every car it ever built.

Based on the Three Years' Experience of 7500 Hupmobiles This New \$900 Touring Car Will Cost the Owner Who Keeps It at Home 20 to 25 Cents a Day



Hupmobile Runabout

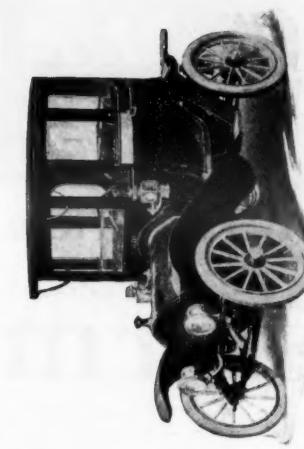
\$750 F. O. B. Detroit, including three oil lamps, tools, and horn. Top, gas lamp, tank or generator, tank rack, and speedometer extra.

defect. Not to the dealer, mind you, but the maker—the Hupp Motor Car Company. This new Hupmobile, therefore, first raises the value and lowers the price in the touring car class. It gives you the kind of a touring car you couldn't afford before; at a price you can afford. Then it assures you that this great stride forward has not been made at the sacrifice of quality, by guaranteeing the goodness and the soundness of the car *during its entire life time*.

The plant of the Hupp Motor Car Company at Detroit has been working toward this great economic achievement for three years. The materials have all been in hand for months. The motors for several months' supply are made. The forging plant, the machine shops, and all the other manufacturing departments are working double shift. The cars are being assembled as we write.

The Car

A 110 inch wheelbase four cylinder, four passenger Touring Car, with 30x3 inch front tires and 30x3½ inch rear tires and a speed capacity of 40 to 45 miles an hour. 20 h. p.; sliding gear transmission; multiple disc clutch; Bosch magneto; offset crank shaft. Upholstering in No. 1 machine buffed leather, tufted.



Hupmobile Coupe

\$1100 F. O. B. Detroit, equipment includes magneto, electric lights, and interior overhead light; combination of dash and lamp; batteries and wiring; shock absorbers; single drop seat from dash. 31 x 3½ inch rear tires.

Delivery to 58 Cities November 1st—Go to Your Hupmobile Dealer and Place a Reservation Order at Once

We are serious in urging you to see your Hupmobile dealer at once. We believe that 150 cities should absorb, within 30 days, all the new cars we can build in three months' time. Hupmobile production, large as it is, has never kept pace with Hupmobile demand. Your dealer

will buy a large quantity; but you should help him to insure you against disappointment by an early order. He will number your reservation in the order in which it is received; and if you choose to cancel later on, your "place in line" will be allotted to some one else.

\$900

F. O. B. Detroit, with three oil lamps, two gas lamps, piping and gas generator, shock absorbers, horn and tools.

The Guarantee

This guarantee is explicit, unqualified and binding. It covers the entire life of the car, no matter how many different people may own the car. It means that during the life of the car, the Hup Motor Car Company guarantees the car, in all its parts, and the accessories and equipment against defect of material or workmanship. The guarantee reads:—

"The Hup Motor Car Company guarantees the Hupmobile free from defects in material or workmanship, during the life of the car, and will replace free of charge any such defective material when returned to its factory for inspection, transportation prepaid."

HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY



General Manager.

The average cost of upkeep to the Hupmobile owner who keeps his car at home is 20 to 25 cents a day. A battery of three Hupmobiles—the two-passenger Hupmobile Runabout at \$750; the four-passenger Touring Car at \$900; and the three-passenger Coupe at \$1100—represents a total investment of only \$2750. These three cars, with carrying capacity for nine passengers, each or all available at any time you want them; or for any purpose for which you want them, in any kind of weather; can be maintained more economically than one big car.

Hundreds of Hupmobile owners have found, in the past three years, that they could use their Hupmobiles quickly, conveniently and with dispatch, five times, where they could use their large car once. Many are substituting the three Hupmobile types for their large car.

If you want any further assurance of the value of this wonderful car, call on us.

HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Dept. T, Detroit, Mich.

Licensed Under Selden Patent

These cities will receive Hupmobile Touring Cars Nov. 1st.

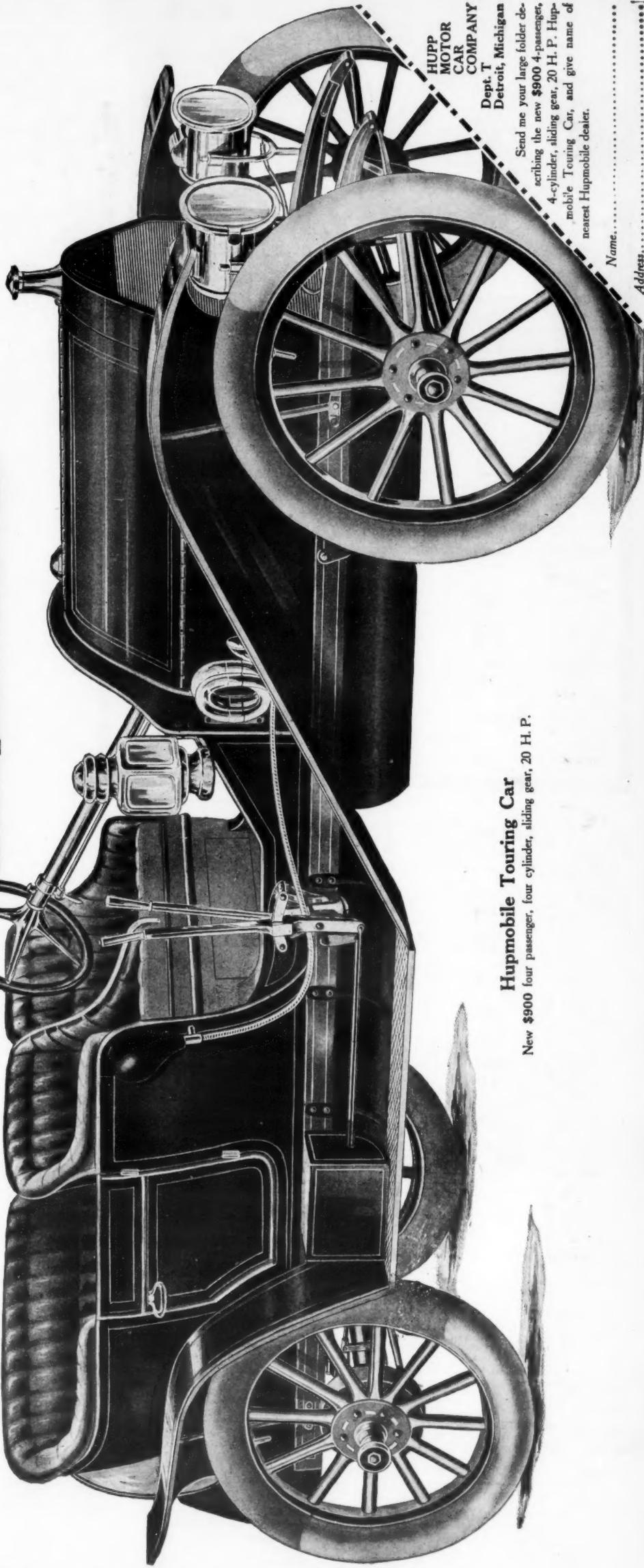
Atlanta, Ga. Columbia, S. C.
Andalusia, Ala. Charlotte, N. C.
Baltimore, Md. Little Rock, Ark.
Davenport, Iowa Louisville, Ky.
Boston, Mass. Los Angeles, Cal.
Buffalo, N. Y. Dallas, Texas
Bozeman, Mont. Denver, Colo.
Chicago, Ill. Memphis, Tenn.
Cincinnati, O. Mexico City, Mex.
Jacksonville, Fla. Milwaukee, Wis.
Lahbride, Ala., Can. Minneapolis, Minn.
Cleveland, Ohio Mobile, Ala.
Hickman, Ky. Macon, Ga.

These cities will receive Hupmobile Touring Cars Nov. 1st.

Montreal, Quebec
Pittsburg, Pa.
St. Louis, Mo.
Plainsfield, N. J.
Toledo, Ohio
Robinson, Ill.
Vicksburg, Miss.
Vancouver, B. C.
San Francisco, Cal.
Natchez, Miss.
Sanvannah, Ga.
New Orleans, La.
Omaha, Neb.
Scranton, Pa.
Washington, D. C.
Seattle, Wash.
Salem, Va.
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Portland, Ore.
Salt Lake City, Utah.
Windsor, Ont.

These cities will receive Hupmobile Touring Cars Nov. 1st.

Montreal, Quebec
New York, N. Y.
Nashville, Tenn.
Natchez, Miss.
San Francisco, Cal.
New Orleans, La.
Omaha, Neb.
Scranton, Pa.
Washington, D. C.
Seattle, Wash.
Salem, Va.
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Portland, Ore.
Salt Lake City, Utah.
Windsor, Ont.



IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Hupmobile Touring Car

New \$900 four passenger, four cylinder, sliding gear, 20 H. P.

Send me your large folder describing the new \$900 4-passenger, 4-cylinder, sliding gear, 20 H. P. Hupmobile Touring Car, and give name of nearest Hupmobile dealer.

Name.....
Address.....

Garrett Specification Roofs



Largest Sugar Refinery in the World

ANY group of commercial buildings that are described as the "largest in their class" are practically sure to carry Barrett Specification Roofs.

The problems of costs and maintenance of such large areas bring into clear relief the economy of roofs of this type.

A Barrett Specification Roof is made of five alternate layers of "Specification" Tarred Felt cemented with "Specification" Pitch, with a top surface of gravel, slag or tile.

The Barrett Specification prescribes with exactness the correct and practical way of using these materials so as to obtain maximum durability at minimum cost.

The cost per year of service is far

lower for these roofs than for any other type, owing to their long life and freedom from painting and other maintenance costs.

The above illustration shows the American Sugar Refinery at New Orleans. It is the largest sugar refinery in the world, costing \$4,000,000 with a roof area of about 500,000 square feet.

A Barrett Specification Roof was decided upon because the experience of 25 years which the American Sugar Refinery Co. had with similar roofs, had been most satisfactory, and because they knew that such roofs never need painting or coating like metal or ready roofs.

Booklet and further information will be sent free on request.

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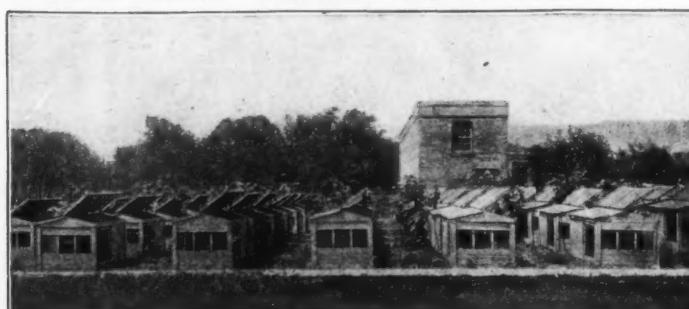


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\$1,500.00 from 60 hens in ten months on a city lot forty ft. square

To the average poultryman that would seem impossible, and when we tell you that we have actually done a \$1,500 poultry business with 60 hens on a corner in the city garden, 40 feet wide by 40 feet long, we are simply stating facts. It would not be possible to get such returns by any one of the systems of poultry keeping recommended and practiced by the American people, still it can be accomplished by

The Philo System



Photograph Showing a Portion of the Philo National Poultry Institute Poultry Plant Where There Are Now Over 5,000 Pedigree White Orpingtons on Less Than a Half Acre of Land

The Philo System is Unlike All Other Ways of Keeping Poultry

and in many respects just the reverse, accomplishing things in poultry work that have always been considered impossible, and getting unheard-of results that are hard to believe without seeing.

The New System Covers All Branches of the Work Necessary for Success

from selecting the breeders to marketing the product. It tells how to get eggs that will hatch, how to hatch nearly every egg and how to raise nearly all the chicks hatched. It gives complete plans in detail how to make everything necessary to run the business and at less than half the cost required to handle the poultry business in any other manner.

Two-Pound Broilers in Eight Weeks

are raised in a space of less than a square foot to the broiler, and the broilers are of the very best quality, bringing, here, 5 cents a pound above the highest market price.

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E. R. PHILO, PUBLISHER, 2516 Lake Street, ELMIRA, N. Y.

"Thank God! Oh, thank God!" But I may be wrong. I may be wrong.

"There would be a revolution if you should try to do that," said I. "There'll be a revolution anyhow when it is known that the Emperor is dead. You must get away from the city with the child. We must get you away somehow. Nothing is safe here now. Varna has done her work well." David touched my arm and pointed.

"We have her here."

And after that he whispered to me briefly.

"Certainly!" said I. "Do it by all means."

So my nephew went across the room to where the Kurdish woman stood, and unbound her head, drawing the gag from her mouth.

"You have lived too long," said he; "this ends it. I do not enjoy killing women, but you're not a woman: you are the poison that is poisoning Trebizond." And he drew his sword.

She was an evil woman. There was no good at all in her, only bad. But she was not a coward. Her eyes never faltered. She said:

"That is as you like, but you will gain nothing by killing me. Now that Basil is dead we have won, we others. The city is already stirred up against you, and when they know what has happened here they'll sweep the citadel. The Duke of Limnia is ready to march with four thousand troops. You have lost, my friend, and we have won."

"At least," said David Sampson, "your rebels shall be leaderless." He raised his sword, but a cry came from behind him and quick steps across the floor. He turned and the Empress was there, her hand upon his sword arm.

"Let there be no more slaughter here to-night, David," said she. "There has been enough of that. Put up your sword!"

"But it may save you!" he argued almost angrily. "They will have no leader if she is dead—no one to put on the throne. She is the life of them. Let me kill her!"

"I will not be saved by murder," said Irene, "even if it is possible. Put up your sword, David! I am Empress here, for the hour, at least, and I command you. Put up your sword!" He sheathed the weapon with a little sigh and turned back into the room, but on his way he spoke to the eunuch, and that giant nodded and set about doing what he was told. Apparently without effort he gathered up the bodies which lay on the floor, and took them, two by two, one under each arm, to that closet where the window was and dropped them there. And the woman who stood bound by the wall watched him with amazement, for what he did seemed to her an almost incredible feat of strength, as indeed it was.

BUT in the center of the great chamber Irene and David Sampson and I conferred together.

"You must take the child and go away to-night, Kyria," said I. "You must be out of the city before morning, for God only knows what to-morrow will bring—madness and plunder and death, I think." I turned to my nephew.

"Take her away, David! Out of the city and far away. We'll find horses for you. Ride to-night to Riza. There'll be ships there. An Italian steamer is due to sail for Naples to-morrow. Take Irene and the child to England and guard them well. He will rule here one day, but his life is not safe in Trebizond now. Guard it well!"

And my nephew said:

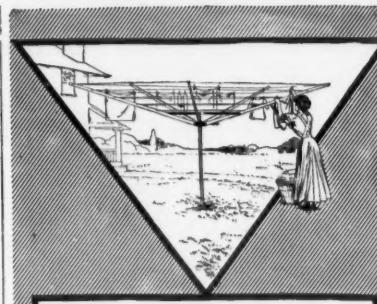
"I will do that."

"I must tell the guard at the door," I went on. "They're faithful and can be trusted. They'll hold their tongues. Wait for me!" I went out of the room, closing the door behind me, and the two were left together. It seems that all at once David Sampson began to tremble, for he realized what this night's work was to mean to him—the sum of all happiness—dreams come true—joy all unheeded for out of the midst of sorrow. And it may be that the thought came also to the woman, for, staring up into his face, she said in a still whisper:

"Oh, David! David!" and thereafter turned away, hiding her face.

David called to the eunuch, and they went across to that splendid canopied bed. Between them they raised the dead body of the Emperor and laid it at rest, composing the limbs decently, folding the hands across the still heart. And they drew the stiff, gold-embroidered coverlet up to the dead man's chin, and left him.

But afterward Irene went there and knelt and said a little prayer. She had been this man's good angel, his inspiration, his tower of strength, but she could do nothing for him now. And so she said her little prayer for the peace of Basil's soul—that had had so little peace on earth—and when she turned away I was again in the room.



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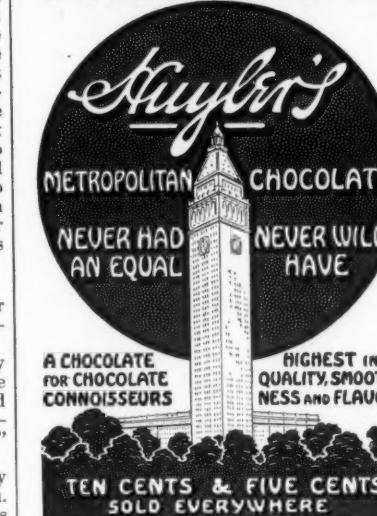
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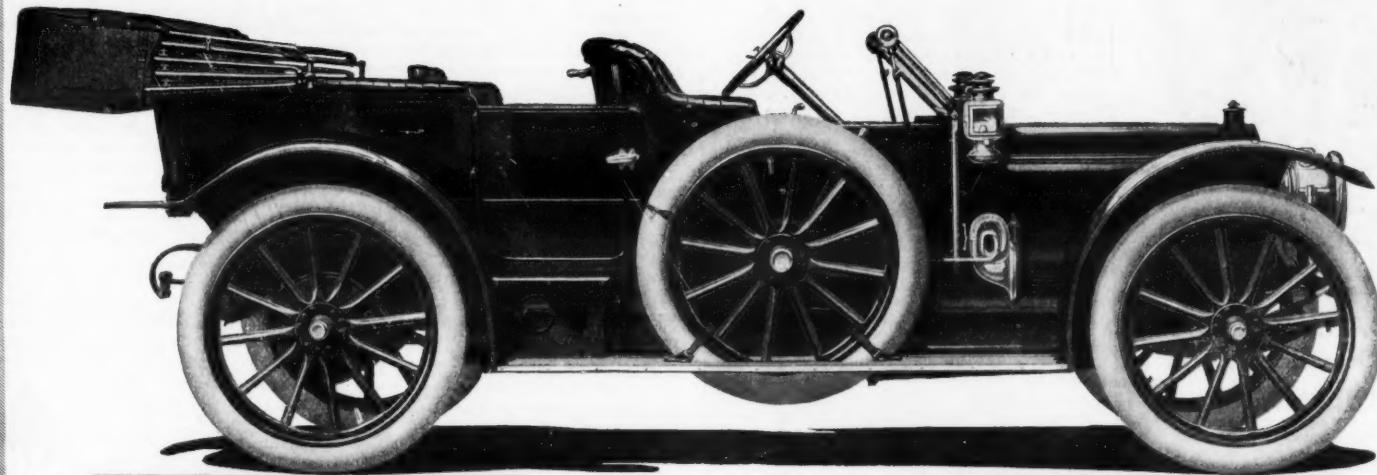
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Rambler Limited Output 1911



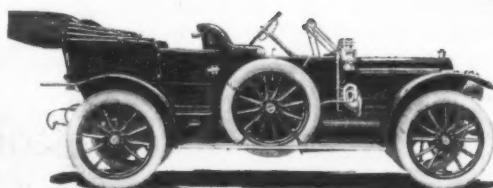
Rambler
Sixty-five

THE Rambler line for 1911 is complete, including landaulets, coupes, limousines, town cars, roadsters, toy tonneaus and five and seven-passenger touring cars with detachable fore doors. Details and construction alike for all; two sizes, forty-five and thirty-four horsepower. Forty-inch wheels on all seven-passenger open cars; thirty-six-inch on all others. Every detail is refined, producing gratifying comfort and silence. Standard equipment with every model: Spare wheel and tire, shock absorbers, top and envelope, wind shield, five lamps, Prest-O-Lite tank and tools. Ninety-two per cent of all Rambler parts are made in the Rambler factory. Years of experience in cultivating painstaking habits of workmanship have created a standard of quality such that to actually make so many of the parts, even in a factory as large and completely equipped as the Rambler, the output must be limited.

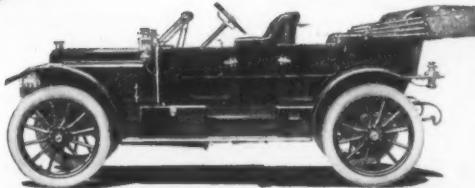
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Rambler
Sixty-four



Rambler
Sixty-three





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The Rubber Shoe part or Ovar is made in two pieces. The Rock Elm has a pure gum Ribbed Ovar without heel (see picture). The Manitoba Ovar, without a heel, is made of pure Gum forced into duck.

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Dept. 54, Hyde Park, Mass.

Start Now

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

"I have told the guard," said I, "and I have sent one of the men for horses. The guard will be entirely faithful. I know them all well. They will pass you out, and you will be passed out of the land gate of the fortress, too—without challenge. After that, David, your part begins."

Irene went quickly away into the farther room to fetch the child. She was back in five minutes wrapped in a warm cloak, and the nurse, a sturdy phlegmatic Georgian woman, held the child warmly wrapped also in her strong arms.

So we stood together in the death chamber of that doomed Empire, and I think the thought came at the same instant to all of us, that it was the last time.

Irene hung over the child in the nurse's arms, drawing the covers closer about it, shielding the baby face from the night air.

MY NEPHEW and I gripped hands in silence. We understood each other, he and I. There was no need for words—indeed, there seemed to be nothing to say. Then the Empress turned to me, moved a step nearer, and touched me with her hand.

"Come with us!" said she. "Come and help us guard my child. There'll be shipwreck and ruin here, I think. I can not bear to leave you to suffer it alone."

I shook my head at her.

"No, Kyria. My place is here."

I bent and kissed her hand, and I made obeisance to her and to the child in the nurse's arms. But as I rose from that Irene held me by the shoulders and kissed me once upon each cheek.

It seemed to me a very precious recompense for my lifetime of work—a noble seal set upon my services.

I went with them to the door and saw them go, David Sampson and the Empress Irene and the Georgian nurse with Basil's son in her arms. After them I closed the door very gently and turned back.

I had no hope of ever seeing any of them again in this world.

So I faced once more that vast dim room where death was—and treachery and blood spilled—the end of an empire. I went to the bedside and stood for a moment looking down upon the still face of Basil Grand-Comenos. Eternity had set in for him, the weak, troubled face was smoothed and calm, its uncertainties ended. I had never respected or looked up to him as I had done to his father Michael. In my heart I had despised him for a coward, but the coward had been lovable, somehow—clinging, like a woman. A pang wrung me to see that pitiful last of him.

I BELIEVE I made a little prayer for his soul as I stood above him—a poor one, for I'm not good at prayers. It has been my way to work and leave the praying to those whose business it is. Then I turned away across the room to where the Kurdish woman stood bound by the wall, and the gigantic eunuch watched her, sword in hand.

"To-morrow," said I, "your people will probably seize the palace and take you away, for I think they are stronger than we are, and I think there is treachery in our ranks. Meanwhile you remain here under guard, and if you make a noise or try to escape Rustan will kill you. I only wish you would give him the excuse."

The woman made no answer, and presently I left her and began to walk up and down the chamber, taking thought for what was to come. The other three watched me silently, the eunuch and the Georgian servant and the Kurdish woman.

There was nothing to be done. It was waiting now. The men of the guard who were stationed outside the door knew, but they were pledged to hold their tongues until morning. And, by morning, the Empress and David Sampson would be beyond reach of pursuit. So I walked, and the three others watched me, and time dragged slowly, very slowly on. But at last the air of Basil's death chamber seemed, even to my not too-squeamish nerves, to reek over much of blood and of horror, and I quitted the place and made my way through the other rooms and up the long winding stair to the open tower-top; and, when I was come there, I drew in a deep breath of the sweet night air and held it for a long time.

I STOOD beside the seaward parapet, looking down over the city. There were fewer lights there now, very few indeed, but I took small comfort of that. I knew, too well, that the city was awake and plotting in the dark.

"There'll be plenty of light there tomorrow," I thought to myself. "Fire light. Fire light." I turned away to the opposite side of the tower and looked landward toward the hills. It was dark still, and would be dark for two or three hours to come, but, in imagination, I saw through that gloom a little company of mounted folk riding away from Trebizond. They



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Reinforced Concrete

This extensive fireproof plant of the Chalmers Motor Co., Detroit—the large automobile factories for the Packard, Ford, Pierce, Thomas, Hudson, Lozier, Rapid, Garford, Alden-Sampson, Gram-Logan, Grabowsky, Detroit-Electric, Stoddard-Dayton, Cadillac—United States Government Buildings and 4,500 other important structures testify to the extensive use and advantages of Kahn System construction. Kahn System buildings are fireproof and permanent—save insurance, repairs and delay—cannot burn down or wear out. Kahn System Products, Shop Facilities and Engineering Assistance mean success in building.

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And Gain a Little Every Step
The More You Walk the More You Gain

(SEE DIAGRAM OF THE NORMAL
AND ABNORMAL WALK HEREWITHE)

THE PROPER WALK

In the proper walk, the feet should be carried parallel with one another, so that a line from the center of the knee would pass through the second toe.

If this line hits the inner side of the great toe the walk is abnormal.

In the proper walk you strike the heel first, bear your weight on the outer edge of the foot, using the ball of the foot as the fulcrum by the aid of the calf muscles to lift the body.

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There is so much difference between Live Rubber and junk rubber that we must repeat our warning to refuse substitutes for O'Sullivan's.

When Live Rubber is so essential to restore nature's resiliency to your walk and junk rubber is worthless for the purpose, it seems criminal that some unscrupulous dealers, for the sake of the little extra profit, foist the inferior article on you—unless you insist on O'Sullivan's.

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Work for Men and Women

BIG PROFIT MADE GROWING MUSHROOMS

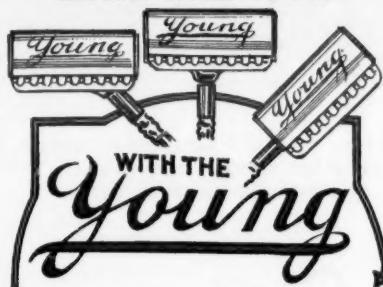
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The Frame: Triple silver plated, non-rusting, with revolving blade holder which produces the wonderful efficiency.

The Blades: Hollow ground, highly carbonized, imported steel, oil tempered, with a cutting edge that will surprise you, both for the keen cutting quality and its great durability. All in a neat, compact leather case, with two silver plated blade containers.

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Price Complete in
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Extra Blades, 50c Per Dozen

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Looks like a diamond—wears like a
diamond—brilliance guaranteed forever—
stands filing and fire like a diamond—
has no paste, foil or artificial backing—
1-30th the cost of diamonds. Set only in
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rode fast, and their faces were turned to the east toward Riza and safety.

So I smiled in the darkness, and turned once more and took up my walk back and forth, back and forth, waiting for the day to come.

YOU who read the newspapers know what came with it, fire and bloodshed and pillage—a brief reign of terror. We fought the rabble off from the citadel—held it against them for a week. I do not know how long we might not have been there, shut within those gigantic walls, for the besiegers had no guns heavy enough to do us much harm, but one morning when we awoke there lay in the Daphne Harbor two Russian warships, and toward noon a long gray line of Russian field artillery came winding down among the foothills out of the Kholat Dagh.

And that, of course, was the end.

Ten years. Ten long years.

The Russian flag floats still over the high, grim, helpless citadel. They call it, with an explanatory and propitiating smile, police-work—necessary interference to put a stop to intolerable conditions. Loudly they disclaim any purpose of annexation.

Yet the flag is there.

Ten years!

I have not been idle, nor have been various friends of mine in high places. Representations. Diplomatic exchange of notes. Diplomatic half-promises. Delays.

Some fruit of it all should ripen, I think, by next spring. If all goes well there is to be a conference. Then we shall know.

My God! what shall we know, I wonder? What?

And meanwhile the child is grown to be a lad—brave and gentle, as who should not be in Her care, and David's! Will he sit where his fathers sat so long? Or is the race of the Grand-Comenos throneless at last forever after seven hundred years?

So we wait. Do I say "we"? That little lad, I fancy, dreams little of statecraft and such. His soul is occupied with being a boy.

And the Empress Irene and my nephew David Sampson? With what are their souls occupied? Let's be altogether truthful here. I think their souls are occupied with the deathless, changing—nay! changeless, miracle of love.

After stormy seas the peace of safe harbor. After the day of toil the restful night.

Eh, well! I do not begrudge them their joy. Maybe I envy them a little. But I am old and done with such matters. My heart is away, beyond the stormy Black Sea, where the insult of a Russian flag snaps in the breeze above an ancient stronghold.

I wait and pray. Wait and pray.
How long, oh Lord?

Significance of State Fairs

(Continued from page 17)

libraries, parks, industries, and the refinements of civilization. Montana's school of husbandry is not unlike, at least in its general aspects, that of Utah, Wisconsin, Missouri, Maine, or North Carolina.

Hanging over the fencing that borders the sheep sheds may be found the farmer and his "hired hand" with the young instructor from the State Agricultural College, meditating and debating the relative values of the wool and mutton from the Shropshire, Rambouillet, and Merino.

The exhibitor of the prize Berkshire hog tries in vain to get his blue-ribboned beast upon its feet when a "likely" hog trader presents himself with a collection of interrogations. The "fine swine," bored to extraction, grunts out his disapproval of the whole huge fuss and falls back into contented sleep. "If you should ever want any like him," speaks the owner of this highly perfected "Oval Ollie," "take my card" (on which is printed his name and address, a cut of "Oval Ollie," and a cut of "Oval Ollie's" owner) "and let me know—I'll be glad to serve you. Professor Hillman is going to get a drove of them for the State College this winter. He figures they're going to be the best porkers for this country about here. Let me hear from you anyway, some time—and if you ever come down our way—I'm just four miles south of Hickston—come and see me."

To Perfect Civilization

THE Holstein, Ayrshire, the Guernsey, and the Jersey are studied as carefully in the dairy laboratory as in the cattle shed—the test-tube tests of the butter fat values is the chiefest interest of the dairy farmer who attends his State fair to-day. In the horse pavilion the Percheron and the Belgian are not merely exhibited for points, they are put to carefully calculated tests as to their labor-producing



ROBUST or delicate—it makes no difference: You will find complete satisfaction in

Improved Duofold Health Underwear

Two light-weight fabrics in one; with air-space between

This scientific combination adapts itself both to the wearer and the weather.

The smooth, finished inner fabric is always fresh and dry and soothing next your skin. The outer fabric protects you perfectly against drafts, chills or sudden changes. And the two fabrics together weigh less than the ordinary thick one.

Your dealer will supply you with single garments or union suits in various shades and weights; for men, women and children.

There is nothing else like *Duofold*. Don't try to make some substitute "answer the purpose." It can't. If you have any difficulty write to us; and we will see that you get what you want. Your money back if not satisfied.

Ask for the *Duofold* style booklet. It gives information valuable to every careful dresser.

Duofold Health Underwear Co., Mohawk, N. Y.
Robischon & Peckham Co., Selling Agents
349 Broadway, New York

Please read this

Guarantee

It's our pledge to make good to you personally if Shirley President Suspenders fail to give satisfactory comfort and service.

A Guarantee ticket like this is attached to every pair of

SHIRLEY PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

It is the *sliding cord back* that makes SHIRLEY PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS so comfortable that millions of men will wear no other kind. The illustration shows why there is instant response to every movement.

No matter what your occupation, there is a suitable weight of "Presidents" for you. Light weight (2 ounces) for dress and business wear. Medium weight for ordinary wear. Extra heavy for strenuous work.

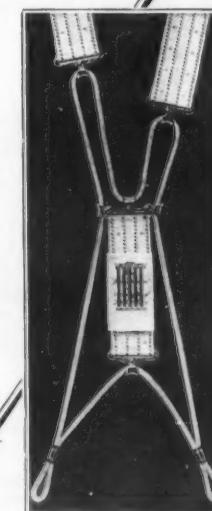
Wear "Presidents" and forget you have suspenders on.

Price 50 cents from dealer
or factory

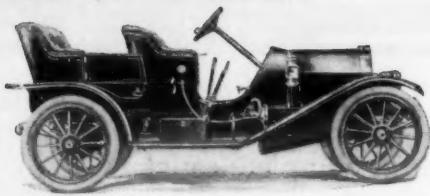
Buy a pair today for each suit and enjoy the convenience of not having to shift when you change your trousers.

The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co.
SHIRLEY PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

1718 Main St. Shirley, Mass.



IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIE'S

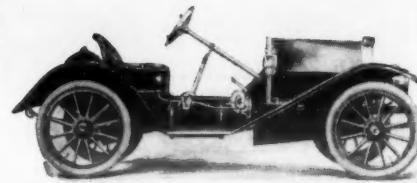


Model 49. 25 h.p.—102-inch wheel base. Made with detachable tonneau as shown, with single rumble seat or double bucket seat on back. Choice for \$1,095

20,000 Owners Say to You

"Buy an
Overland
for 1911"

Licensed under Selden patent



Model 45. 20 h.p.—four cylinders—96-inch wheel base. Made only in Roadster style shown here. Price, \$775

8 Per Cent Further Cut in Cost

The Overland—the leader of motordom—announces 22 four-cylinder models for 1911—from 20 to 35 horsepower—from \$775 to \$1,675.

This new season starts with almost 20,000 Overlands in use—with 20,000 owners telling others about these remarkable cars.

During the first seven months of this calendar year we have delivered to users 12,326 cars.

At this writing—with the new models scarcely one week old—we have orders from dealers for over 18,000 of the 1911 models. On each of these cars the dealer has paid a deposit.

We start the new season with five model plants—with a daily capacity of 140 cars.

We start with such an equipment of modern machinery as was never before employed in this industry. We start with the ability to make good cars for less money than any other plant in the world.

We start with a reputation as wide as America—with a record which no rival ever approached—with a car which, by sheer merit, in but little more than two years, has attained the dominant place in its field.

Yet this Overland line—so seemingly perfect—begins the new season of 1911 with a dozen great innovations.

Another Reduction in Cost

The tendency this year is toward higher prices in low-profit automobiles. The higher cost of materials, the advances in rubber, the labor increases compel it.

But, despite these advances, the Overland has made another cut in cost. And this is how we have done it.

The Willys-Overland Company, though an astounding success, has never paid a dividend. All it has earned—and a great deal more—has gone into model plants and machinery. Over \$3,000,000 has now been invested to produce Overland cars in the most exact, most economical way.

Last year we cut our costs 20 per cent by equipping ourselves to perform each operation by the best machines men could invent. This year, in the same way, we have cut the cost 8 per cent further. And all of this saving—28 per cent in two years—an average of over \$300 per car—goes to Overland buyers.

Prices for 1911

This year we shall sell a continued model—Model 38 with a tonneau—for \$1,000. The same model last year cost \$1,100.

Four other models which we retain—including our famous delivery car—have each been reduced \$100.

This year we put a selective type transmission in our 25-horsepower car, and charge only \$1,095 for it.

This year we make a 4-cylinder, 20-horsepower car, with 96-inch wheel base, for \$775.

We are making a Torpedo Roadster—20-horsepower—for \$850. Such prices have never before been quoted on cars in this class.

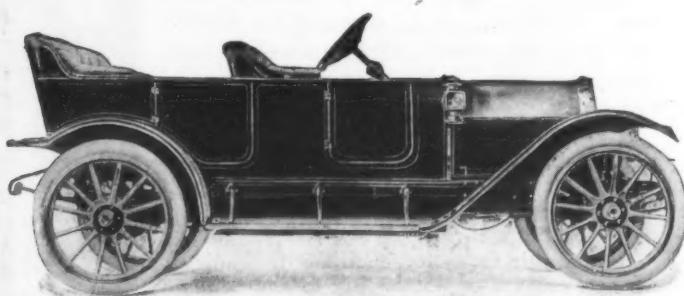
This year we are making a 30-horsepower car—either as Torpedo Roadster or Fore-Door Tonneau—for \$1,250. The wheel base is 110 inches. We are selling an inside-drive coupe for \$1,250.

For \$1,600 and \$1,675 we are making four separate models of 35-horsepower cars with 118-inch wheel bases. They are cars as attractive as any price can buy—as powerful as any man needs.

All of these prices—as last year—include gas lamps and magneto.

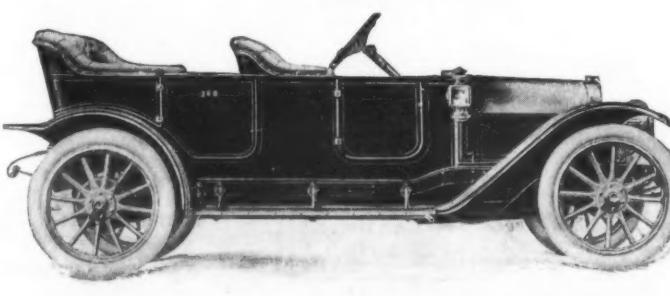
No rival of the Overland cuts its prices this year. Most of our competitors are making advances, directly or indirectly. So the Overland now gives the most for the money by a greater margin than ever.

But the Overland prices are now at their limit. New machinery cannot cut the cost further. Larger production can make no further saving. Unless materials come down, and labor comes down, Overland prices will never go lower. We have now reached, in all probability, the minimum cost in making good motor cars.

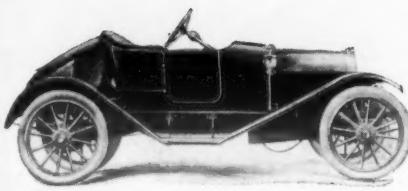


All prices
include gas
lamps and
magneto

Model 51. 30 h.p.—110-inch wheel base
A 5-passenger car with fore doors or open front, for \$1,250



Model 52. 35 h.p.—118-inch wheel base
A powerful 5-passenger car—selective type transmission, Bosch magneto, fore doors or open front, \$1,600

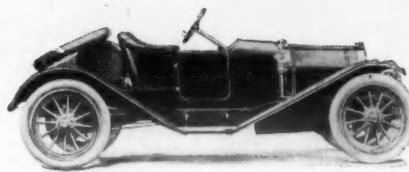


Model 50. 30 h.p.—110-inch wheel base. An attractive Torpedo Roadster, with selective type transmission, for \$1,250

20,000 Owners Say to You

"Buy an
Overland
for 1911"

Licensed under Selden patent



Model 53. 35 h.p.—118-inch wheel base. A powerful, classy racing Torpedo—Bosch magneto, eight spark plugs, 30-gallon tank on back, \$1,600

Fore Doors Included Free

The fore-door bodies—the styles of the future—the stunning designs for which other makers charge an extra price—come free in Overlands.

We make open-front bodies for those who desire them, as tastes in such matters cannot be changed in a year. But those who know best know that fore-door bodies are to be the coming vogue. The open front must go the way of the rear-door tonneau.

Ninety-seven per cent of all foreign cars are now shown with fore doors. And Europe has always set the vogue in carriage and motor car bodies.

The highest priced makes of American cars are now shown with fore doors. The style leaders will this year put out nothing else.

On some modest-priced lines the open fronts are continued. But the main reason is an over-stock of parts which compels the continuance of 1910 models. Another is the extra cost.

No car but the Overland, in the low-profit class, is yet offering fore doors at the price of the open front.

No Extra Charge

The Overland this year announces fore doors without any extra charge. We do this because it is the style of the future. It is without doubt the coming vogue. Soon or late, every maker of motor cars must offer fore doors at their standard price.

The Overland starts doing that this year. We give buyers their choice—fore doors or open front—at an equal price. Up to this writing not another car in the low-profit class has followed this innovation.

22 Attractive Designs

For this season we are making 22 models of Overlands. They run from \$775 to \$1,675—from 20 to 35-horsepower.

This gives us a range to meet every requirement—every idea on price and style and power. Every motor car buyer, whatever his wants, can meet them in the Overland at a lower cost than anywhere else in the world.

We make the planetary transmission for the many who like the utter simplicity of the pedal control. But we make sliding gears, too, for those who prefer them.

On every model we use double ignition—magneto and battery. On some we supply the Remy Magneto, on some the Bosch. On some Overland models the two ignition systems are entirely independent, requiring eight spark plugs.

Mechanically the cars have been altered but little. The Overland from the start has been about as good a car as men can ever

produce. That is why it so quickly won the leading place in motordom.

Our greatest improvements are in style and design. They are the creations of some of the greatest designers whom this industry has developed.

No line this year, sold at any price, offers more attractive designs than the Overland. It is utterly impossible, whatever one pays, to buy a more classy car.

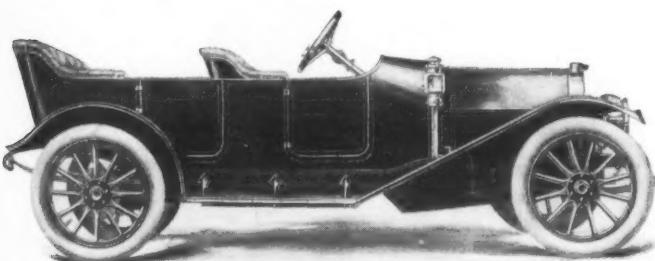
Our 1911 Book Free

Please send us this coupon for the Overland book showing all of the models for 1911. Compare the specifications, one by one, with the best other car you know. Compare the styles with any others shown. Compare the prices with the lowest that others quote. Then see the new models at the nearest of the 800 Overland dealers.

N 53
The Willys-Overland Company

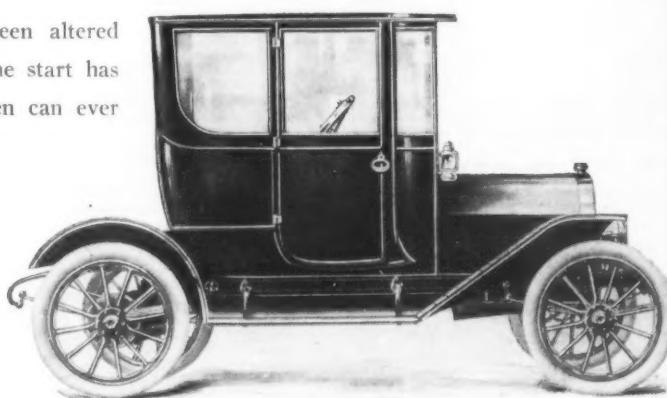
Licensed under Selden patent
Toledo, Ohio

Send me the 1911 Overland book



Model 54. 35 h.p.—118-inch wheel base
A 4-passenger Torpedo—as attractive a car as was ever produced—\$1,675

Licensed under Selden patent
All are four-cylinder cars



Inside-drive Coupe—an ideal car for winter driving or for ladies.
Extremely simple—carries four passengers—price, \$1,250



Quality first—
let the cost fall
where it will.

Announcement

Unless you have something interesting to say, don't advertise.

We believe the public is tired of the reckless and threadbare declarations of pre-eminent automobile excellence singularly available at all prices from \$400 to \$4,000.

There is no use in announcing unless you have something to announce. The Garford Company really has something to announce besides a mere claim for excellence.

For the first time in the history of the business, The Garford Company is selling the highest quality of car at a price based on Actual Cost of Car. For the first time in the history of the automobile industry, the buyer without sacrifice of quality gets the benefit of the economies of production which every one of common sense knows have been going on for years.

In doing this the Company makes no particular claim of superior altruism or morality over its competitors. We believe nearly all of them are trying to do the square thing just as we are. The point is that we are not only willing to do it but we are able and have the opportunity and we are doing it.

THE CAR

One model known as G-8. In the line of development of all past Garford cars but a marked step in advance of even the last one. Motor—4½x5½ four cylinders. You know it well, but you don't know its latest development. The last year's laboratory investigation of former models with the same engine has increased the horsepower 45 normal and to a maximum of 47½ at 3300 above normal speed. You can hear such a thing, but there it is. This is our fourth model and third year's use of the Bosch magnetic plug ignition. You never heard an argument against the low tension ignition except perhaps when mechanically actuated. The Bosch plug system eliminates even this flimsy objection.

We do not advise you to do it, but we have often seen this engine run with a hose playing on the magneto. The ignition advantages of the low tension spark you well know, if you know your business. Why don't more people use this system? Because it adds about \$150 to the cost of the car.

This makes no difference to us because we start with quality and let the cost fall where it will. There is no use having a policy if you don't stick to it. No use trying to make money our objective.

This and the magnetic plug are some of the reasons why we get such power from this size engine. You will find full description in preliminary circulation—send for it.

Clutch—the only type that nobody knocks—the cone with cork inserts and springs, the only type that gained materially in number over all others at the last Olympia Show—a good record after five or

six years' trial everywhere of all three varieties. The Garford Clutch is one of the few in existence that can be lifted out, without disturbing any other unit, by simply removing a few screws.

Transmission—Select-type four speeds and reverse—direct drive on third, that is to say, direct drive on the gear reduction you use most of the time. A step up for ideal conditions, a step down for excessively bad ones. Nothing new in conception, but most makers cannot afford to finish and mesh their gears accurately enough. Again quality first—let the cost fall where it will.

Front Axle—steering connections entirely protected from road contact and collision. Centers arranged to prevent wobbling of wheels.

Rear Axle—full floating type, the only scientific form of rear-axle available. Too expensive for common cars. Again quality—let the cost fall where it will.

Axle assembled without brazing eliminates the necessity for momentary adjustment of bevel gears. These driving gears, therefore, always on pitch line no matter how often you take out and put back the balance gear—if you ever have to.

Dimensions—36x4½ front—36x4½ rear.

Brake System—contracting and expanding on both rear wheels. Centers situated to make brake adjustments independent of passenger load. Wheel base from 117 to 125—according to type of body.

Standard Bodies—7-Passenger Touring Car—Five Passenger Touring Car and Limousine.

Equipment—Five lamps, a horn and tire carriers.

For the First Time in History, for Such a Car—

Touring Car, Standard Equipment - \$3,500
Limousine - - - - - \$4,750

Licensed Under Selden Patent

Send for preliminary illustrated circular now, while you think of it.

THE GARFORD COMPANY
ELYRIA, OHIO, U. S. A.

values. Farm culture, more than farm pride, is the new work of the farmer's fair. A public speaker, addressing the open air conclave of a State fair, declared: "To the sole purpose of perfecting civilization do we annually gather here with the products of our fields and pastures and dedicate this fair."

The nineteenth century had run its course for more than four score years before the United States began to realize the infinite importance and possibilities of the farm. The Department of Agriculture was not created until 1889. Agricultural schools, however, founded upon the principles of Denmark's plan, had been developing in some of the States. But the farmer was slow to convert. "What can these 'college fellers' tell us about how to plant a field of corn or to care for a cow?" One of these "college fellers" in Wisconsin's State Agricultural School invented and perfected a milk test, upon which, through patent rights, he might have made millions. This he gave to the farmers for whom he worked and studied, and his work has brought millions to the farmers. Another one of these "college fellers" at Wisconsin, after six years of patient work, developed a variety of corn that raised the acreage yield in that State from twenty-seven to forty-seven bushels an acre and added \$15,000,000 to the value of the corn crop in a single year. Through their growing beliefs in their State agricultural schools, the farmers have come to believe in the work of the State colleges, of applied sciences, of fine arts and letters, of sociology and law. The generous support granted to the "university proper" (as the farmers speak of their State college of arts and sciences) was given at first in the hope of making their children's lives more attractive than their own by equipping them for other vocations than farming. Here came the most logical, inevitable, and unexpected turn. The colleges that were to help the sons of farmers into something better than farming have come to help farming itself so far that the farm is becoming a lure.

The "Personal Element"

We have no patience with the threadbare subterfuge of the "Personal Element" in advertising, yet we feel that no institution rises above the individuality and the character of its owner. It is becoming more than ever important for a purchaser to know what kind of ability and integrity are back of his car. To those who are acquainted with National or Ohio politics, and industrial progress, A. L. Garford needs no introduction. He has been an industrial and political leader in his community for years. The public that deals with The Garford Company can expect a square deal just as certainly as it has been accorded for years to the people of Lorain County, Ohio.

THE mechanical engineers who are perfecting milling machinery, railroads, and power engines are also inventing and perfecting the agricultural implements and devices that are transposing the strain on backbones and muscles to a strain on iron castings and chilled steel.

The chemist and geologist are bringing to the farmer the ideas of intensive farming, dry farming, the science not only of making two blades grow where one grew, but of making one blade grow on the parched lands where none grew before.

The sociologist is bringing the farmer a new sense of his own right and power of citizenship. He is teaching the farmer how to own himself the two blades of grass—how to prevent the other fellow from stealing that extra blade. He is showing the farmer definite courses he can take to keep our national wealth from slipping into the hands of a clever, crooked oligarchy—how to prevent the Russianizing of America. This demonstration, from the platform, is now as much the part of every State fair exhibit as are the sacks of seeds, the firkins of butter, or the self-tilting mowers.

The electrician is not only bringing the farmer to town by trolley, collecting neighborhoods in a group of telephone wires, eliminating the isolation of the farm, but the electrician is teaching the farmer how to translate a little brook, or a creek wide enough to jump, into an electric current that will light his house, cook his food, iron and wash his clothes, and milk his cows.

The practicability and the economy of these things are brought to the State fair for demonstration.

Because farming is of fundamental importance to the State, the State fair has become to all purposes a farmer's fair, interpreting for fuller application all the best devices for improving the condition and yield of the soil. We have developed much skill and wisdom since the last days of the eighteenth century, yet even then George Washington, himself a countryman, declared: "Agriculture is the most healthful, most useful, and most noble employment of man."

Italy's great historian, Professor Ferrero, sums up the experience of nations by saying that the only triumphs permanently won were won by the plow.

The farm is the State, now as in the past, but the fun of farming is new. A decade almost measures the new movement. There are thirty-eight State fairs now. Practically all of these are now subsidized in part at least by the State. Minnesota has invested nearly a million dollars of State money in her great fair. The Legislature of New York has recently sanctioned a State fair plant to cost two and a half millions of dollars. There is no single industrial enterprise that, measured in so brief a term, has exercised a greater force for a commonwealth's good.

COMFY Footwear

The Eureka



Our latest Comfy. Beautiful in design. Protects the ankle well and weighs only 5½ ozs. the pair.

Made of pure "Comfy" felt with one inch of carded wool between felt inner sole and felt and soft leather outer soles, making a perfect cushion tread.

Women's, Pink, Lavender, Ecru, Price
Old Rose and Light Blue \$2.00
Men's (Plain), Black, Gray and Delivered
Red



The Tailor-Made

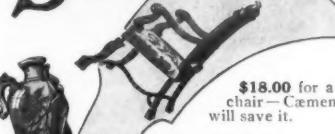
An exceedingly handsome felt slipper, trim and neat as its name implies and very dressy. Regular "Comfy" construction as above.

Women's, Red, Wine, Brown, Black, Price
Black, Brown, Red, White \$1.25
Misses', Red, Light Blue, Pink 1.10
Child's, Red, Light Blue, Pink 1.00
Delivered

Send for our handsome illustrated Catalogue No. 31, showing many new styles.

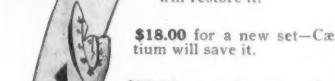
Danl. Green Felt Shoe Co.
110-112 East 13th St. New York.

Save it!



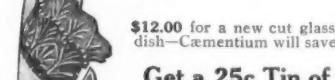
\$18.00 for a new chair—Cementum will save it.

A priceless vase that money cannot replace—Cementum will restore it.



\$18.00 for a new set—Cementum will save it.

\$90.00 a year for pots and pans—Cementum will save three-fourths of it.



\$12.00 for a new cut glass fruit dish—Cementum will save it.

Get a 25c Tin of CEMENTIUM

The new MINERAL paste—not a fish glue, nor a fertilizer by-product like an ordinary adhesive. Let the mended article stand until thoroughly set—then wash it with a hot bath of its former usage. Dish can be used as before. Pots and pans can be used over a fire that will melt solder. Air does not dry it out like a common glue—chemicals have no effect upon it. Shake the tin well before using. Then allow the mended article to stand until the Cementum sets and you will get splendid results.

Get a 25c tin of Cementum, from drug, grocery, stationery stores, or send 25c for it. Use coupon. It comes in 25c tins—easy and convenient to use.

Cementum Sales Co.
Sole Agents U. S. A.
120 Q Hoytton St., Boston, Mass.
78 Q Wahab Ave., Chicago, Ill.
50 Q Church St., New York, N. Y.

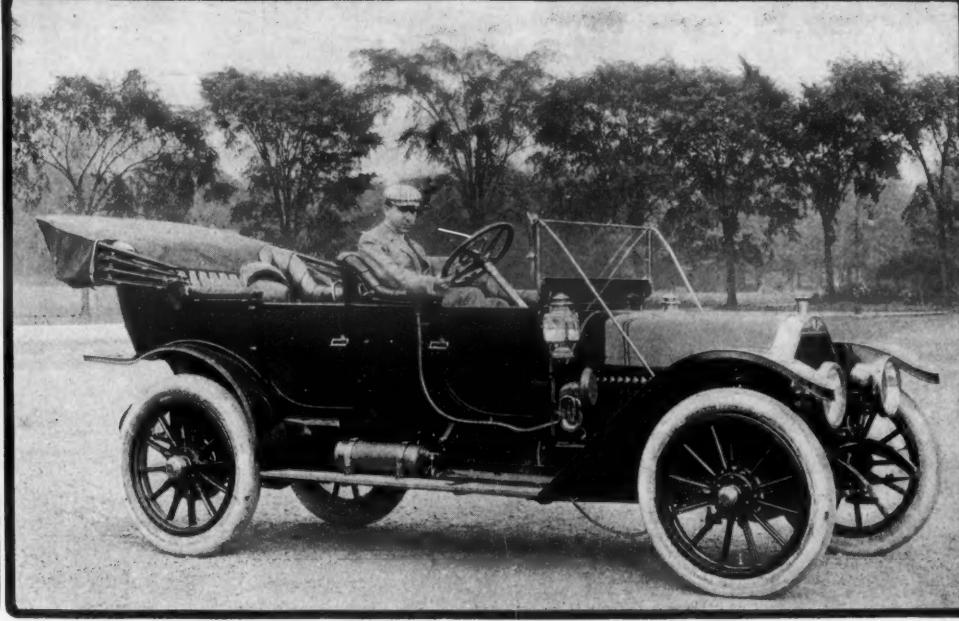


COUPON
Cementum Sales Co.
Boston, New York, Chicago
(name and address)
I enclose 25c (stamp or coin) send me a full size tin of Cementum.
Name _____
Address _____

Six Cylinders



The hand-propelled elevator ascends jerkily: the electric car smoothly and steadily. Like the six-cylinder motor, it runs with no interval between power impulses.



LONG STROKE MOTOR



The long lever produces the same result with less power, less effort. So, with the same power, the long-stroke motor produces greater speed and hill-climbing ability.

A Wonderful Improvement A Boon to Automobile Users

A New Era in Automobile Construction Every One Should Investigate

¶ These improvements, to which all high grade makers will come, include the long-stroke, large-valve, six-cylinder motor and the 3-4 elliptic, chrome-vanadium springs. They produce these results:

¶ Power increased over 20%. The Thomas 6-40 develops 60 H. P. on the brake.

¶ The necessity for transmission gears almost removed.

¶ The wear and tear on tires and mechanism greatly decreased.

¶ Noise, jars, jerks eliminated.

¶ Smoothness, steadiness and flexibility doubled.

¶ Bounds gently, with delightful sensation, over the bumps and ruts of bad roads—no need to slow down.

¶ Runs on high gear without changing as slowly as two miles per hour in the crowded traffic of city streets. Few other cars run slower than eight miles per hour on high gear.

¶ Free from the rasping noise and necessary slowdowns of changing gears.

¶ Ascends steep hills smoothly, quietly, easily on high gear, which most cars have to rush at break-neck speed or change gears.

¶ Accomplishes a greater distance in the day's run than faster cars with less flexibility and with less elastic springs.

Pre-eminently the Car for Cultured People Who Love Quiet, Ease and Comfort

¶ The new 7-passenger, fore-door and 5-passenger fore-door cars are really beautiful. The closed bodies, upholstered in exclusive colors, imported broadcloth and broad lace, are equipped with every convenience.

¶ Send for literature regarding the long-stroke, large-valve, six-cylinder motor and the new 3-4 elliptic chrome-vanadium steel springs; increased elasticity and durability.

¶ In America, these features are *exclusively used* on Thomas cars. In Europe, the long-stroke, large-valve motor is used on all late models.

6-40 Touring Car (5-pass.), Flyabout or Tourabout, \$3,750; Touring Car (7-pass.), \$3,850; Fore-door Touring Car (5-pass.) or Torpedo Flyabout, \$3,900; Fore-door (7-pass.), \$4,000; Limousine (7-pass.), \$5,000; 6-40 Landaulet (7-pass.), \$5,100. All prices include complete equipment.

6-70 Touring Car (fastest and most powerful stock car built), Flyabout or Runabout, \$6000; Limousine \$7500; Landaulet \$7600.

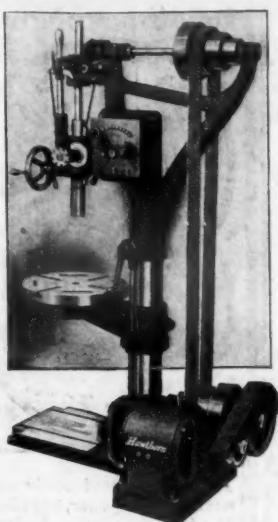


4-28 Town Cars (the most suitable car for city and suburban service): Brougham, \$4000; Limousine \$4100; Landaulet \$4250.

E. R. Thomas Motor Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Branches: New York, Chicago and Boston

Licensed under Selden Patent



Economical Power in the Factory

Power that's steady, free from trouble and always ready! That is the praise given "Hawthorn" Motors by factory managers, shop owners, and small power users, in every industry.

They say "Hawthorn" Motors turn out more work and better work at less cost than any other power system. That means increased profits. It's one important reason why "Hawthorn" Motors should be investigated by every power user who wants the most for his money. There is no limit to the application of

Hawthorn Motors

This drill, like any other machine tool, is profitably driven by a "Hawthorn" Motor.

Labor-Saving Power in the Home

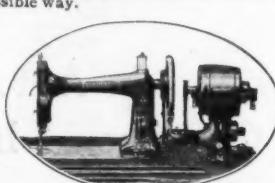
In the home "Hawthorn" Motors do away with many a backaching task. Washing machines, coffee grinders, vacuum cleaners, silver polishers, sewing machines, etc., can be run by a "Hawthorn" Motor at a surprisingly low cost. The motor can be quickly applied to any of these machines and connected to the ordinary lamp socket. It will last a lifetime. Every housewife should by all means learn more about this inexpensive, labor-saving little motor.

You will be surprised how simple and inexpensive "Hawthorn" Motors are. Write our nearest house for Booklet No. 7649 and learn all about them. Write to-day.

The Western Electric Company Furnishes Equipment for every Electrical Need.

Western Electric Company

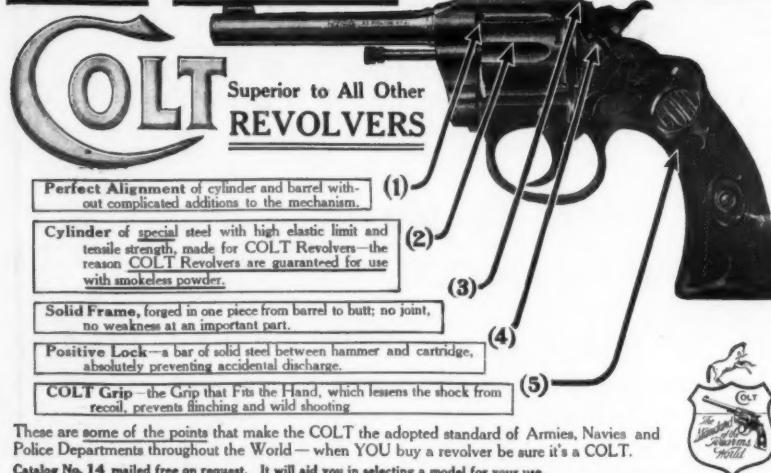
New York Chicago
Philadelphia Indianapolis
Boston Cincinnati
Pittsburg Minneapolis
Atlanta Montreal
Antwerp London Berlin Paris
Winnipeg Johannesburg
Vancouver Sydney Tokyo
Saint Louis Kansas City Denver
Dallas Omaha Vancouver
Seattle Salt Lake City
San Francisco Los Angeles
Seattle
Tokyo



A "Hawthorn" Sewing Machine Motor will run any kind of sewing machine. It saves many a backache.

The Western Electric Company Furnishes Equipment for every Electrical Need.

FIVE POINTS That Make The



These are some of the points that make the COLT the adopted standard of Armies, Navies and Police Departments throughout the World — when YOU buy a revolver be sure it's a COLT. Catalog No. 14 mailed free on request. It will aid you in selecting a model for your use.

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

MOVING PICTURE MACHINES



MAKE BIG MONEY

Almost no limit to the profits showing in churches, school houses, lodge halls, theatres, etc., or operating FIVE CENT THEATRES. We show you how to conduct the business, furnish complete outfit. We rent films Catalogue free. 225 Dearborn St., Dept. 162, Chicago.

High-Grade Bonds Yielding About 5%

If you wish to have your money earn the comparatively high rate of interest to which it is entitled under conditions existing in the field of conservative investment, you can do no better than to purchase high-grade corporation bonds.

The corporation bonds recommended by us are not only safe as to principal and interest, but have a good market, and should prove to be profitable investments. The properties are managed by capable and experienced men, and the earnings show a large surplus beyond interest requirements.

Write for Bond Circular No. 903

Spencer Trask & Co.
43 Exchange Place, New York
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MUNICIPAL BONDS

Safest investments known. Yielding from 4% to 6% Write for Circular.

ULEN, SUTHERLIN & CO.
BANKERS
CHICAGO



IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

THE AVERAGE MAN'S MONEY

News and Comment for Investors

An Invitation

THE editor of this department wants to hear from any organization like that in Denver (described below), or from any dealer or group of dealers organized to educate the investing public to the need for investigating securities. COLLIER'S will do all in its power to help to spread the idea.

Bond Dealers Organize

A MOVEMENT that ought to spread has been started in Denver. Recently a Bond Dealers' Association was organized, the purpose of which is explained, in a letter to COLLIER'S, by one of its members:

"The membership consists of twenty-two bond houses, including six banks which maintain bond departments or which are active in the buying and selling of bonds. Only those firms are eligible whose principal occupation is the buying and selling of bonds. The association was formed with the following objects in view: To secure better and closer acquaintance among the bond dealers of Denver, to encourage higher standards of business, to secure information which shall be kept on file regarding various securities that are handled in our market, and to protect the membership of the association, also the investing public, from fraudulent or questionable enterprises. We meet every Tuesday from 12 to 2 at luncheon at some place convenient to all the members; and in the near future will arrange to have special features at every meeting, such as addresses from corporation managers, Eastern and local bond men and bankers."

Inquiry in twenty or more of the principal cities of the country brings out the surprising fact that this Denver organization is the only one of its kind. Though the market for securities has broadened until the fake promoters and gold-brick stock sellers have found even in the smaller cities rich picking, no attempt has been made by dealers in sound bonds either to cooperate in pushing their own wares or to educate the public to the wiles of the swindling stock-pedler. Two objections of a general nature have been made to the plan: it might lead to troublesome libel suits, if the association undertook to pass judgment on questionable securities; and natural business rivalry would stand in the way of practical cooperation.

Why Not a National Association?

ONLY the first of these arguments against pushing the plan in every city where there exists a general market for securities is valid. Long ago the idea that one must not gather with his competitors for the discussion of general trade problems was outgrown. But it is true that an association's work of warning might lead to legal trouble. The question would be: Will it pay? Dollars diverted from the purchase of phony oil, mining, and industrial stocks ought to go into good securities, and a well-conducted association, with a good investigator and a good publicity man in the position of secretary, should be able to make it pay. Perhaps a central bureau, in New York or Chicago, might be maintained. Supported by a national association of city associations, its authority and facilities could be so great as practically to insure protection against prosecution for libel.

COLLIER'S has hammered the gold-brick stock peddlers and the get-rich-quick promoters so persistently that this paper's interest in the formation of some sort of aggressive organization among the reputable financial houses will be understood. From twenty or more letters from dealers commenting on the association idea a few are quoted below.

From a dealer in St. Louis:

"Some few years ago it was suggested in St. Louis that representatives of the principal bond houses meet at least once a week and lunch together, in order to impart items of interest to each other, with the view of bringing the houses in closer touch, and also keeping better posted about the general situation. For some reason, however, the plan never materialized.

"Adopted along intelligent lines, I can see no reason why such a plan would not be of interest and service. It is, of course,

the desire of all reliable houses that the investing public should be protected against making unfortunate investments, and more especially protected against any unscrupulous dealers who endeavor to place securities that they know have little or no value."

From Los Angeles:

"In our opinion much credit should be given those bond houses in Denver who have joined this association, for the more and the stronger these associations the greater the confidence the public will have in reputable bond houses. Undoubtedly the average buyer or private investor is seriously handicapped by lack of knowledge of securities and of the market at the time he has money available for investment. This, we believe, explains in a great measure the fondness of the private investor for real estate mortgages and investments of a kindred nature. Undoubtedly the Pacific Coast offers, as you say, an opportunity for the association of bond houses with a view to increasing the knowledge and confidence of the investor and discouraging the marketing of unstable or highly speculative bonds."

An argument that seems to be as valid for the formation of such associations as against comes from Philadelphia:

"It does not appear to us that there is any necessity for such an organization, although it might be productive of some good. It seems to us that the business interests of the investing public could best be safeguarded by educating it to consider only investments offered by reputable houses. These houses not only deal in securities that are entirely safe, but they go to great expense to send broadcast detailed information in respect to them. There has never been a time in the history of the bond business when so much time, effort, and money were expended to give to the public full information."

The Appeal to the Gullible

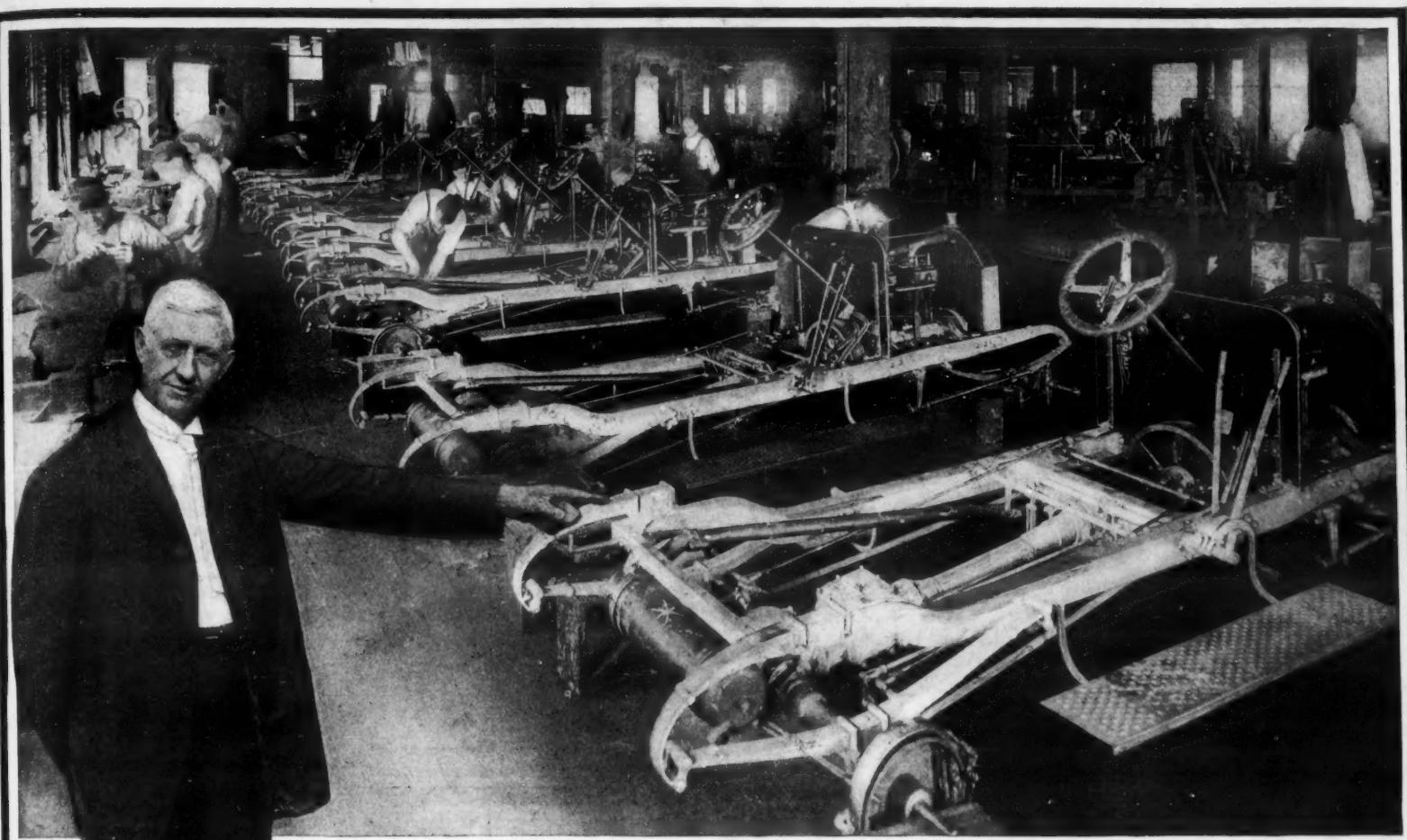
ALL of this is perfectly true. Good houses, as we have often maintained, go to any length to insure the soundness of their offerings. But it is also true that they make a less forcible appeal to the average investor than do the fakers. Consider this from a Chicago bond dealer:

"Has it ever occurred to you how this American public of ours apparently likes to be gullied? It is far easier to go out and sell \$100,000 or \$1,000,000 gold-brick securities, if one has no regard for the truth and uses only such statements as are best calculated to ensnare the unsuspecting investors, than it is to go out and sell \$5,000 to \$50,000 high-grade, legitimate bonds. It sometimes occurs to the writer that we bond men are too thin-skinned, too honest, and too conservative in our statements, and because we do not promise all kinds of things such as does the gold-brick artist, many of our prospects get away from us and fall before the flowery language of the fake promoter or salesman. Would it not be better for us to adopt some of the latter's methods? Our promises would be far more likely to be fulfilled, and we would at least save many an investor from the costly experience of buying absolutely worthless securities. If we bond men were to make our offerings a little more attractive and a little more alluring, the writer believes that we would be benefiting the general investing public by so doing."

Now the Time to Act

IT IS not likely that enough good dealers can be brought to imitate the fakers in competing for the dollars of the investor to have much effect. But it seems to be perfectly feasible to advertise a city association, putting emphasis upon its protective features. Another quotation from the Chicago pessimist suggests that now is the time to act:

"There has seldom been a time in the history of the bond business when the public could secure such real investment bargains as at the present time. We ourselves, for several months past, have been selling municipal securities that usually command 3.70 to 3.80 per cent basis, on a 4 to 4.25 per cent basis. Any one buying such securities could undoubtedly secure a handsome profit within the next few years, or, if they desired to hold the bonds until maturity, would secure a full one-half of one per cent more income on a long term of years than they could have had they bought the same bonds in 1909."



I KNEW IT, I knew it was coming, and my dealers knew it too; we knew that it *had* to come; why should the automobile business be different from any other when the value of any machine is simply the service it gives?

Three years ago we first designed our Model "30." Our engineers told us we were spending too much money on it; they said $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch bearing in the crankshaft was enough—but I made it $1\frac{3}{4}$ -inch, and I put four bolts on the connecting rods besides—while the designs only called for the usual two. Shouldn't the bearings in a \$1,500 car stand up just as long as those in a high-priced car? I think so

That's why I put them there.

Give me a minute more; look at the frame! Must a man's frame sag because he pays \$1,500 for his car? We build ours over the same dies designed for our \$3,000 model. We've made the wheelbase 114-inch on the Model "30" this year, which is four inches longer than it was before.

Our Dealers

have harder-hitting, more convincing arguments for the Moon Model "30" than any other dealers have for any other car, I don't care whose it is. There's superiority at every point: *A big enough Motor*— $4\frac{1}{4} \times 5$ inches—and the new type long stroke besides; selective type transmission; multiple disc clutch, the same precisely as in our highest priced car; heavy steering gear with 18-inch wheel; 200 drop forgings where malleable castings could be used.

Our special type wheels with spokes $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch in diameter—high-grade equipment throughout, with roomy bodies beautifully finished, and all in all the best value you ever saw in your life—spacious, sumptuous, big in size, big in value and big in power.

All cars look alike in a picture; that's the reason I'm not putting ours on this page. I've something else I want you to have: my illustrated analysis.

I believe I've put more downright automobile value into our Model "30" than any other manufacturer has had the courage to put in his. This car costs more to produce—and it represents more money all the way through, even to the high-grade attachments, than others; more really than is necessary—but the service it gives is what counts—and service is the hub and the nub of the automobile proposition.

These are the facts that brought us our night telegrams from the crack dealers of the country asking for the Moon agency. They know. They know it's the car that counts with the customer—and it's the customer that counts with the dealer.

Big 8-page illustrated comparative Analysis of automobile Mechanism
—FREE.

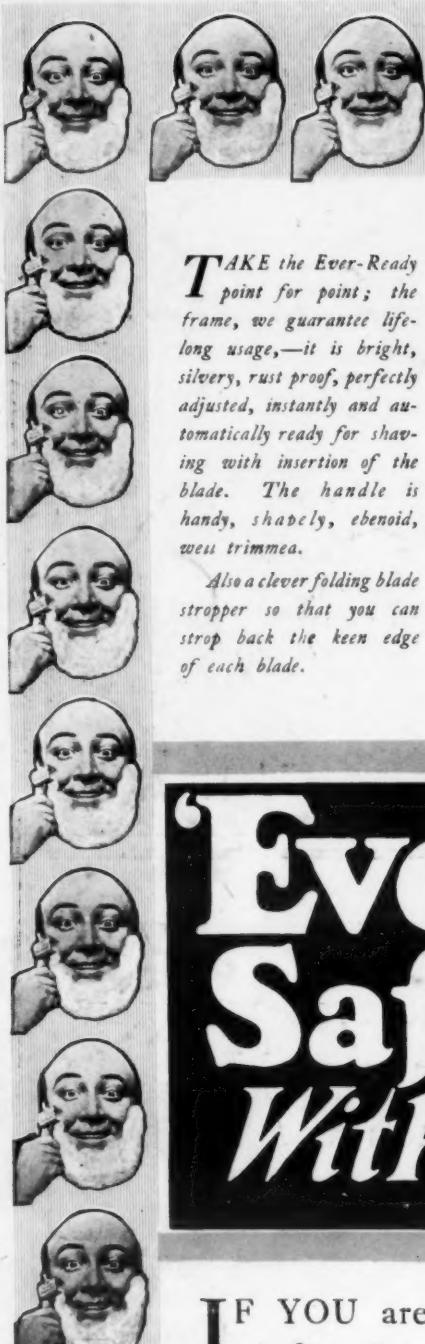
Send at once for your copy.

Jos. W. Moon

Motor $4\frac{1}{4} \times 5$ in. 114-in. Wheel-base. 1911 Moon Model "30."
\$1,500
Licensed under Selden Patent

Jos. W. Moon, Pres't
MOON MOTOR CAR CO.
ST. LOUIS

Motor $4\frac{1}{4} \times 5$ in. 121-in. Wheel-base. 1911 Moon Model "45."
\$3,000
Licensed under Selden Patent



TAKE the Ever-Ready point for point; the frame, we guarantee life-long usage,—it is bright, silvery, rust proof, perfectly adjusted, instantly and automatically ready for shaving with insertion of the blade. The handle is handy, shapely, ebony, well trimm'd.

Also a clever folding blade stropper so that you can strop back the keen edge of each blade.



THERE are twelve EVER-READY blades in each Dollar outfit.

Twelve (12) Blades, mind you, and each blade guaranteed the finest example of the blade maker's art. (See lower right-hand illustration showing the individual EVER-READY blade package.)

The entire outfit (exactly like illustration) cleverly arranged in attractive lock button case, complete for \$1.00 at dealers everywhere.

'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor \$1 With 12 Blades

IF YOU are a shaving man you are bound to buy the EVER-READY Safety Razor eventually. Over two million users already—it'll soon be three and the quicker you join in the better off your face, temper and purse. Your Dealer ought to tell you that the EVER-READY is the best Safety Razor for you to buy. He will if he isn't profit greedy. Price doesn't make a razor shave—it's chiefly the blade, and that's where the EVER-READY "has it on all of them."

EVER-READY blades are made of the highest priced steel produced—they are ground, sharpened and tested with the most critical exactness a blade can undergo.

Each EVER-READY blade is separately protected in a patented package (see photographic illustration in right-hand corner).

Figure (4) shows the blade and the keen edge. Figure (3) shows a hood protection that saves the edge from any possible dulling contact. Figure (2) shows the sanitary, climatic proof paper which protects against rust or dust. Figure (1) shows the sealing wrapper that binds the entire package into a perfect sanitary package. There are no blades exposed to dangers.

No other blade in the world is made and protected with the care of the EVER-READY, therefore, no blade but the EVER-READY can give uniformly perfect shaving results.

Almost every Dealer in the line of Hardware, Drugs, Jewelry, Department Store, and many in Men's Wear, sells the EVER-READY Safety Razor at \$1, complete—with the binding guarantee that the purchase price of \$1 will be refunded without question or quibble, if after a test the user could possibly want his money back.

Watch out that you don't "run up against" substitution. There are Dealers unscrupulous enough to sell you imitation Dollar Razors with even seven (7) blades when you ask for the EVER-READY. Turn down the attempt and send \$1.00 to us and we will send you direct, with money back guarantee, the 12-bladed EVER-READY Dollar Safety Razor, prepaid to your home.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO.
Cor. 35th Street and 6th Avenue, New York City

Canada—International Distributing Company, Montreal
England—International Distributing Company, London

Each blade in a patented protecting package.

Extra Blades
10 for 50¢

